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WITHERED LEAVES.

BY J. H. ECCLES.

The faded relics of the Summer day
That sigh and rustle in the passing breeze,
Till by the frosty night-winds hurl'd away
They leave the branches of the naked trees;
Amid the gloom of chill November laid,
When all the earth seems blighted, changed and old,
They fill the streams and crowd the woodland shade,
And change to dust as quickly as they came.
And so it is with Man: his few years told,
He fadeth out, and worldly wealth and fame
Avail him not; but, like the yellow leaf,
All sere and wither'd, he is lowly laid;
For Spring and Summer are but short and brief,
And youth and manhood soon dissolve and fade.

"MINE OR THINE?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FAIRY GODMOTHER," "UNDER SUSPICION," "A ROSE AMONG WOMEN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MR. GOULD, m'm, would be glad if he could see you for five minutes."

The girl seated by the fire looked up, surprised.

"Mr. Gould? Why, he was here yesterday!" After a brief pause she rose—a tall, slender, dark girl in a heavily-craped mourning gown. "Where is he, Bowles—in the study? Very well; I will go to him."

She went slowly down the stairs, and turned the handle of a door opening off the hall of a London house, furnished in a handsome if somewhat old-fashioned style. It was the afternoon of a November day, and the room was already in darkness; but the glow from a blazing fire supplemented the waning daylight, and showed all the solid, sombre appointments, even casting a faint warm glimmer upon a portrait hanging above the mantel—the portrait of a delicate, serene, sweet-faced woman, with a diamond pendant hung by a thin chain of gold about her neck, and long, slender, finely-formed hands resting in the lap of her black velvet gown.

The man who was standing upon the hearthrug looking up at this picture turned quickly as the door opened behind him, took the hand which the girl held out, and bowed over it with respectful eagerness.

"I ought to apologise for troubling you so often," he began; "but I met your trustee, Mr. Mostyn, and he asked me——"

"One moment," the girl interrupted, in a full sweet voice that had a slight foreign intonation in it. "Light, Bowles, please!"—to the servant outside.

While the gas was being lighted, Mr. Gould stood a little aside, his eyes fixed upon the fire. He was a man of thirty-seven or eight, with the pale complexion of a dweller in cities; his hair and beard were of a dull, lightish brown color, his features were well formed if somewhat too sharp, and he had a pair of handsome grayish hazel eyes. Altogether Edwin Gould was rather a good-looking man, certainly a clever one; and he knew it, and was not inclined to underrate either his appearance or abilities. He would have preferred to continue the interview in that soft semi-darkness of fire and twilight, but it was not in his role to protest. He remained silent till, the servant having left the room, the young lady seated herself near the fireplace, folding her hands in her lap, unconsciously copying the very attitude of the portrait over the mantelshelf.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Gould? You were saying," she began, turning her face with grave attention towards him.

"I was saying, Miss Heathcote, that I met Mr. Mostyn to-day, and that he asked me some questions about you—what your plans were, and whether you meant to continue residing here, as, in that case, you would want—a companion."

He paused and looked up with a keen glance, evidently wishing to judge of the effect of his suggestion by the expression upon her face. The girl however was not in the habit of wearing her heart upon her sleeve; her lips quivered for a moment, then she said, quite calmly and steadily—

"Yes, that is true. It is a fortnight since, and of course it is necessary to make some arrangement. As to residing here, I can't say yet—that would need consideration. As to a companion——" She paused, and Mr. Gould took up the sentence.

"As to a companion, Miss Heathcote, you will not have much difficulty in finding somebody willing to share your charming home and—may I say?—society. Mr. Mostyn this morning mentioned a lady——"

"Did he?" Miss Heathcote smiled slightly. "It was very kind of him; but I am not under the necessity of beginning life in the company of an utter stranger. I wrote a week ago to my aunt, Madame Dupuy, asking her to come to me, and I have received a letter in return this morning. She hopes to be here on Thursday."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Gould politely. It was all he felt equal to saying at the moment. It would have been more satisfactory to have had this post filled by an actual dependant, amenable to influence and control, such as the lady whose name Mr. Mostyn had mentioned, immediately on Mr. Gould's suggesting it. Yes, Mrs. Sheppard would have been the person. Perhaps this scheme of having the aunt was but a temporary expedient. "I was not aware that you had so near a relative living," he added after a pause. "Madame Dupuy is your father's sister, I suppose, Miss Heathcote?"

"No—my mother's," said the girl calmly. "She was the elder, and married first; it was at her house that my mother met my father. Her husband is dead, she has no children, and is alone in the world, like myself"—again there was a momentary quiver of the lip—"she will be as glad to have me as I shall be to have her."

"Surely!" assented Mr. Gould courteously. Who would not be glad to play chaperon, guardian, confidential friend, to the young heiress of old Gilbert Heathcote—a man who had been worth eighty thousand pounds if he had been worth a penny? "And it will be very pleasant for you to have a relative for your companion—one whom you know intimately, and can be confidential and familiar with."

A faint smile flickered over the girl's pale face.

"I cannot say that I know my aunt intimately," she said. "I have not seen her for a dozen years. But we have corresponded always, and I know enough of her to feel sure that we shall do very well together."

"I hope so, indeed," rejoined Mr. Gould. "Mr. Mostyn will be glad to hear that you have been able to arrange this matter so satisfactorily. As to the other question—if you dislike living here—and indeed it is scarcely a suitable residence for you—we should have no difficulty, I think, in letting the house. You know, of course, that it is yours——"

"I don't know," she answered, with a smile. "I don't think I have quite realised things yet. You know I did not expect that sort of will; I told you that he had been speaking of something quite different. Are you sure, Mr. Gould, that search has been made everywhere—that no other later will is in existence?"

"You may make your mind easy, Miss Heathcote; every precaution has been taken—every receptacle searched. If Mr. Heathcote made another will, as you seem to think, he must have afterwards destroyed it, for it is not to be found. There is nothing to be done but to act upon the one we have."

"No, I suppose not," assented Miss Heathcote slowly.

After a brief pause Mr. Gould rose.

"I must not detain you, but, before I go, have you any commands for me, Miss Heathcote? If you think I could be of use to Madame Dupuy, I should be most happy to meet her on her arrival."

"Thank you—you are very kind; but Bowles, I think, will be able to do anything she requires."

"And there is nothing else?"

"Nothing to trouble you with to-day, thanks."

"You must know, that nothing I can do for you is a trouble."

"Thanks—it is very good of you to say so, but I must not trespass too much upon your goodness."

The words were gracious, the manner was courteous, but there was an air of reserve and self-reliance about the young lady that was scarcely pleasing to Edwin Gould. He took his leave however with unruffled suavity; and an unmistakable expression of relief brightened Miss Heathcote's face as she heard the door behind him.

"A case of Doctor Fell," she said to herself, as she went back to the drawing-room. "I wonder why? He seems to be absolutely irreproachable. Papa thought well of him—didn't trust him much, perhaps, but then it was not his nature to trust any one—I know that. He has been in the office for twenty years—not a bad test—he is most flatteringly obliging, and anxious to be of use." A half-smile parted the fine red lips. Miss Heathcote paused, then slightly shook her head. "No, there is nothing for it but Doctor Fell," she said.

After all Madame Dupuy did not arrive on Thursday, but on Saturday, and "Saturday's flitting makes short sitting," as Bowles remarked mysteriously to the cook, when preparing to accompany the brougham that was going to Victoria to meet the expected guest. She was a slight, delicate-featured, active little lady, some years on the wrong side of fifty, dressed in mourning with exquisite French taste. She sprang out of the brougham as lightly as a girl, ran up the steps—disregarding the umbrella with which Bowles sought to shield her from a drizzling rain—and darted towards the young mistress of the house, who was waiting in the hall to bid her welcome.

"My niece Valentine—my beautiful—my very dear!" she cried, throwing her arms round the stately young figure, and pressing it in a warm embrace. "But what happiness this is, and yet how it rends me to the heart!"

Tears were in her eyes—beautiful gray eyes still, though they had seen more than fifty years of life; and she did not seem to be in the least ashamed of her emotion. She was more French than English, after thirty years' residence in France; French was the tongue which came most naturally to her lips at this crisis.

Valentine's face flushed, but she rather permitted than returned the caresses lavished upon her. Not since her mother's death had arms thus enfolded her, and their tender pressure touched her heart; but the time, the scene, the open door, the staring servants, shocked her British sense of propriety and befittingness; and she made haste—with some softly-uttered words of welcome—to draw Madame Dupuy up-stairs.

By-and-by, when the traveller had rested and refreshed herself, aunt and niece fell into confidential conversation.

"So it is now three weeks since he departed—thy good stepfather. My Valentine, it is a loss to thee. He was good to thee always, was he not, and loved thee as his own child?"

"I don't know," said Valentine dreamily. She was sitting—one slender hand supporting her chin—gazing into the glowing fire. "I can't remember my own father. I think papa Heathcote liked me most for my mother's sake. He was very fond of her—so fond that I don't think he had much love left to give to any one else."

"While she lived—perhaps," Madame Dupuy observed musingly. "See you, my child—she was his first love, your mother, and this when he was a man mature—range, of forty years; and those who take the fever late always take it badly. I pitied him, poor man, and she too! But there was your father—younger, so much more handsome, altogether charming—how was she to resist him, my poor Adelaide? It was a marriage not brilliant, for he was a younger son, this dear Henri, and their life was poor; but of happiness they had plenty. When he died she put her heart away with him in his grave—all that was not already thine, my niece. And it was for thy sake that she married thy father, and perhaps for pity of him and his long fidelity. He had waited twelve years, see you—he would have waited all his life."

"Yes, I think he would," said Valentine slowly. "He never expected to be anything but an old bachelor, and that was why—— You know, I suppose, aunt Louise, that a sister-in-law lived with him before he married my mother, and that her son—his nephew—was looked upon as his heir? Naturally it was a great disappointment to them, when they heard of our coming here; and Mrs. Heathcote said something—made some insinuation—against mother—which papa Heathcote never forgave. He was a hard man naturally; I think there was only room in his heart for one love, which pushed all the others out. Philip Heathcote took his mother's part of course, and by so doing incurred his uncle's displeasure, and was dismissed with her. He was only a subaltern then, and had to exchange to India, that he might live on his pay—for they were poor. Mother—you know sweet she was—tried to induce papa to take him back to favor; but he would not, he said, till an apology was made. Poor Mrs. Heathcote died about six months ago. Papa told me of her death, and then I ventured to ask him to forgive her son, and write a line of condolence to him."

"And thy stepfather—what said he?" asked Madame Dupuy, as her niece paused.

"My stepfather was not pleased," answered Valentine. "He wanted to know what his nephew was to me—if it were not enough for me that he had adopted me, and meant to leave me all he had. And I said that it was too much—somehow I was not afraid of him, once I had begun to speak. I begged him to reconsider the matter, to change his mind—I said that it would be a crying injustice to leave everything to me, a stranger, and give nothing to his own flesh and blood."

"And then—and then, my dear?"

"And then," Valentine continued, with a grave smile, "I think he—swore. I

know he told me to take what I should get and be thankful, and never to open my lips on the subject again. And then he added, 'If I do change my will, I may change it in a way you won't like.'"

"And did he?"

"I believe not. He said something afterwards which made me think he would, but no other will can be found. And I am left with all this money—more than I know what to do with."

She paused again, gazing into the fire with a grave, almost sad face, and Madame Dupuy looked at her. Yes, perhaps there was too much of this money—too much for happiness. Madame Dupuy had never known what it was to be overburdened with money, and slender was the provision the good colonel, her husband, had been able to make for his wife's old age; but what happiness there had been in that modest menage! If the child were but fiancee, indeed, all would be well; but, as it was, she would have suitors clustering about her thick as flies around a honey-pot; and she must select for herself among them, after that English fashion which was not always wise. Her mother had done so before her, and she had inherited her mother's mouth, and its grave resolute lines, with so much of poor Henri D'Estarre's dark beauty.

"My Valentine," said her aunt suddenly, "thou hast twenty-two years, is it not? Yes, twenty-two last June. Why is it that no marriage has been arranged for thee? It is time!"

Miss Heathcote looked up with her grave smile.

"Do you mean that I am getting passee, aunt? I think there is time still, but it is just as likely that I shall be an old maid. You may have to look after me longer than you imagine, dear: overtrustfulness is not one of my failings; and, with all this money to call my own, I shall not be able to help thinking that men woo, not me, but my fortune!"

"Thou hast little of vanity, my very dear," rejoined Madame Dupuy, smiling. "But thy parents should have arranged this for thee."

"You know that is not our English fashion, aunt; but, even if it were, it is three years since mother died, and she had been an invalid for long before, and papa didn't care to see anybody afterwards. I know very little of society, nor does society know much of me."

"It is perhaps as well, cherie," said Madame Dupuy soothingly; and then the conversation strayed into other channels—to memories of the dear dead mother, of the French home in the years gone by, of the father indistinctly—but none the less dearly—remembered, with a tenderness which Gilbert Heathcote's high-handed beneficence had not been able to efface. But Valentine had fits of musing now and then which puzzled Madame Dupuy; and, when they rose to retire for the night, she made a brief speech which gave the elder lady a sudden shock of surprise.

"I have made up my mind to one thing, aunt Louise," she said. "If that will must stand, I shall make an effort at least to repair the injustice of it; I shall write to Philip Heathcote, and tell him what I really believe—that papa meant to make another, and would have named him in it; and I shall ask him to let us share this money, which he has no more right to than I have."

CHAPTER II.

MISS HEATHCOTE never halted when once she had come to a decision. She wrote her letter the next day, couching her offer in most considerate terms—being conscious of her own pride, she was care to respect that of others. She ascertained from the Army List that Captain Heathcote's regiment was at Cairo, so she directed the letter to his colonel's care, and despatched it to the post. She felt a distinct sense of relief in getting this matter completed; she had done her best to right what she believed to be a wrong, and she calmly announced the fact to Mr. Gould when it appeared that afternoon.

"Half your fortune!" he repeated. "You would throw away half! Miss Heathcote, you mean this? You are not jesting?"

He had turned towards her suddenly, his face even paler than usual, a curious flickering light in his eyes. Valentine met them with her own—gravely, steadily.

"I am not jesting, Mr. Gould," she said quietly; "this is not a subject I should care to jest upon."

"No. But jest is preferable to earnest, when—— And the letter is posted and gone." He rose from his chair, muttering something under his breath, and walked to the nearest window, where he stood a moment looking out into the fog; then he came back, his face wearing its usual expression. "I beg your pardon, Miss Heathcote," he said blandly; "I had no right to criticise your conduct, and I hope you will excuse my hastiness. I need scarcely assure you that I have your welfare very much at heart"—he paused, evidently expecting some word from Valentine, but she only bowed gravely, and he went on—"and I cannot help saying that I think it would have been well had you consulted—Mr. Mostyn, for instance, before taking this step. I don't know what he will say to it!"

"I recognise no right of criticism," said Valentine haughtily. "I am of age, and there is no condition in the will which forbids my doing as I like in this matter; and I think it only just that Philip Heathcote should share the money which his grandfather perhaps helped to make."

"That is rather a sentimental view of the case," rejoined Mr. Gould, smiling coldly; "and, speaking from that point, one is disposed to wonder whether my late friend would have been pleased by this disposition of his fortune, which—pardon me—I do not think he ever intended! But there's no doubt, Miss Heathcote, that you are quite within your right in disposing of the money as you please."

"What do you think of him, aunt Louise?" asked Valentine, when the manager had left.

"Dear, I can scarcely tell," answered Madame Dupuy placidly. "It is but once that I have seen him, thou knowest. I feel not that I understand anything of him yet."

"That is not strange," said Valentine, smiling. "I don't understand him myself, and I have seen him a hundred times. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "I think I am getting clues—I may be able to piece them together in time. He behaved exactly as I thought he would to-day about that letter.

Valetine could expect no answer from Captain Heathcote for a month at least, so she set herself to wait through that time with perfect good sense and patience. The manner of her life with her stepfather, since the loss of her mother had left her to his sole companionship, had made her of necessity self-reliant and reserved; and, as the startling and depressing effect which his death had had upon her wore away, she began to find life brighten before her, to rejoice in the sense of her youth, her wealth, her freedom. Upon the latter Madame Dupuy placed no restraint. A warm affection had grown up between aunt and niece which made their daily lives pass by very smoothly. Mr. Gould, who called frequently, and kept a vigilant watch upon the doings of the two women, could not see the smallest rift in which to set the thin end of the wedge that might part these two. It was provoking he decided, but it could not be helped; so, with characteristic savoir faire, he set about making the best of the situation. After all, if he could gain Madame Dupuy's goodwill it would be of more use to him than any subsidised hireling's could be. He had certain things in his favor, one of which was Miss Heathcote's natural reticence—that, and a sense of honor unusually strong and keen, which had sealed her lips from ever uttering to Madame Dupuy a word concerning her own instinctive dislike to her stepfather's manager. She left her aunt to form an estimate of him for herself; and naturally Madame Dupuy could not help judging him by his evident devotion to the niece she loved.

"You know I don't profess to understand him, Valentine," she would explain in her kind puzzled way. "He is a very peculiar man, I think, and hard to know; but one thing I'm convinced of, dear, and that is, that he is sincerely devoted to you. He seems really as if he were capable of appreciating you—which I must confess raises him in my estimation very much."

Madame Dupuy had recovered the use of her mother-tongue by degrees, as her vehicle of communication with the English-speaking world around her, and she was rapidly becoming quite fluent. A smile, half sad, half satirical, crossed Valentine's face as she listened to her aunt's words; she turned from the window where she had been standing, still in her outdoor dress, and bending over Madame Dupuy's chair, kissed her.

"You think everybody looks at me through your spectacles, you kind little auntie," she said gently. "It's lucky I can't believe all you tell me—I should grow unsufferably vain!"

"Ma tres-belle, thou hast not of vanity in thee," Madame Dupuy exclaimed, falling back upon her French in her energy; "but of pride mountains! Thou hast no care whether these admire thee or not—thou art above their admiration."

"Perhaps," admitted Valentine, the smile hovering still about her mouth. "I am so secure of it, you see. They look at me in the golden light of eighty thousand pounds, and find it more beautifying than the cosmetics of Ninon de l'Enclos! No, auntie—don't say anything. I know I'm a cynic, but I can't help it—I've grown up in a cynical atmosphere, and it comes naturally to me now to look for the reverse of the shield and the wrong side of the stuff!"

"It is a pity—but a pity!" the elder woman said, looking at her with kind anxious eyes. "Sometimes I think you would have been happier without his money, Valentine."

"Oh, you dear, foolish, unworldly auntie!" Miss Heathcote broke into a little laugh. "Don't you know that money is the essence of happiness in itself? One has nothing left to long for when one has that—so we have simplified our religion in this century down to the worship of the one god, Plutus."

She turned suddenly and went away, singing Mephistopheles's song to the students. Madame Dupuy listened attentively until the stirring air and the cynical words died away in the distance.

On the following morning Valentine received the letter for which she had been waiting. She recognized it by its postmark, and tore it open with a sudden throbbing of her heart. The writing was bold and legible, and Valentine read—

"Madam—On my return after a short absence I found your communication awaiting me, which I make haste to answer. I beg to say that I decline your insulting offer. I have not, thank Heaven, sunk so low as to be ready to take in charity what I should have received as my right—what as my right I may yet claim. I warn you fairly that I shall commission a lawyer to examine into the circumstances in which you are left sole heiress of my uncle's fortune—somewhat suspicious circumstances, they seem to me. You would scarcely be so ready, I take it, to divide your inheritance with me if there were not some fear of that other will turning up, and leaving you poorer. I believe that is all that need be said upon the subject.

"Yours, etc.,

"PHILIP HEATHCOTE."

Valentine's delicate face flushed crimson, and a burning passionate sense of indignation filled her breast. What were men made of, then? She had written to this man with an open heart, offering him her costly generosity, and he had flung her benefits back into her face with words of scorn and of suspicion. She tore the sheet across, and would have flung it into the fire; but suddenly she changed her mind, laid the torn parts together, and returned them to the envelope.

"I might forget the lesson if I did not keep the book to look at now and then," she said.

"My child, what lesson? What sayest thou?" cried Madame Dupuy eagerly. "Ah, the letter! Is it from——"

"Captain Heathcote? Yes; you may read it if you like. It is candid, at any rate," the girl said, smiling faintly.

"Candid—yes, truly. It is brutal!" exclaimed Madame Dupuy indignantly.

She was so angry that Valentine—wholly against her will, and with a strange sense of painful humor—found herself obliged to take the part of her enemy, and make excuses for him.

"He does not know me, auntie—how should he know that I am above such meanness as he thinks me capable of? He has good cause to hate my very name, you know—he has lost his home and his inheritance through me. That was not my fault, you say; but how should he know that it is not? Naturally he prefers to think that his uncle was coaxed or coerced into hardness against him, rather than that he treated him as he did of his own free will."

All these excuses Madame Dupuy rejected with scorn at the moment, but, with a cheerful inconsistency, she began to receive and believe in them directly the first heat of her indignation had cooled.

Valentine said nothing to Mr. Gould concerning the reception her somewhat quixotic offer had met with; but doubtless he learned whatever he desired to know upon the subject from Madame Dupuy.

A few weeks later, on a mild gray February day, he called, and requested to see Miss Heathcote on business. The intelligence which he had to communicate proved to be of a somewhat startling nature. It appeared that one of the junior clerks int he offices, a young fellow named Hooper, had been conversing with one of the old confidential clerks, who had heard Mr. Heathcote's will read, being a legatee for a small amount under it. The younger man had expressed unqualified surprise on learning that Captain Heathcote's name was not so much as mentioned in the will, because he declared that he had himself been witness to a document which his old employer had stated to be his last will and testament, and in which the name of nephew figured very prominently. This document had been executed in the previous month of June—upon what precise date the young man could not say, but it was shortly before Mr. Heathcote ceased coming to the office. A fellow-clerk named Burton—since gone to Australia—had been the second witness; and Mr. Heathcote had bound both to secrecy.

"So, I am sorry to say, Miss Heathcote, that your belief in your father's having made another will was perfectly well founded," Mr. Gould concluded, with melancholy sympathy. "The presumption is against its having been destroyed, so we must institute another and rigorous search, and, if it should be found, I am afraid—very much afraid—that it may turn out seriously to your disadvantage."

"It has not been found yet," said Valentine, smiling; "and, even if it were, I am not afraid of papa's leaving me unprovided for; and one-tenth of the money I now have would be more than sufficient to supply my wants. You know, Mr. Gould, I have never concealed from you that I thought the possession of so much rather a burden and a responsibility than a pleasure."

"You would not think that if you had some one to stand between you and all care and trouble—some one whose solicitude would ward off every worry and annoyance, and leave you free to pursue all your graceful tastes, and make the world beautiful with your presence—one devoted to you—as I am." He stepped a little nearer to her, and tried to take the hand that was lying upon her lap, but she drew it calmly but decidedly away. "I have startled you," he said—"pardon my abruptness. I should have remembered that this, which is an old tale with me, is perhaps wholly a new idea to you, though you can scarcely be altogether unconscious of my sentiments. I might never have given utterance to them however but for this discovery which has been made. Some strange presentiment assures me that this will is to be found, and that its provisions will be unfavorable to you—that you may be glad then, of my service, my love——"

"Please don't say any more," interrupted Valentine, hurriedly rising, her face, which had been very pale before, flushing scarlet. "I am very sorry, but it is quite impossible—quite!"

"Why?" he asked. "You should tell me, at least, why you reject me, Miss Heathcote. I am a gentleman by birth, and, as for my means, if not great now, that is because I have to remain where I had frequent opportunities of seeing you rather than launch out for myself; but I have ability and experience, and can so direct the affairs of Heathcote & Son as to double the fortune you have now. If you would tell me your reason——"

"My reason is a very simple one," said Valentine coldly, annoyed at her suitor's persistency. "It is that I do not regard you, Mr. Gould, as you are kind enough to regard me. I have not, and never could have, any affection for you."

The next moment she repented having uttered such trenchant words, and would have been glad to recall them; but that was not possible. Edwin Gould's pale face had grown livid; the look in his eyes was not pleasant to meet.

"I thank you for your candor, Miss Heathcote. You have given me your answer, which I hope you will never regret. One thing—may I ask you to keep this—this mistake of me as a private matter You will? Thank you. And now I think I will go."

He went, and Valentine saw nothing of him for over a week; then he appeared suddenly one day, with an urgent request for an interview. When she answered the summons—reluctantly enough—he explained at once the reason of his coming. He had found the will!

CHAPTER III.

"YOU have found the will?" Valentine echoed the words slowly, looking at him with grave questioning eyes. Mr. Gould scarcely looked like his ordinary self to-day; there was an unusual flush on his face, and his eyes were glittering and restless.

"Yes, Miss Heathcote, I've found the will—not an hour ago, in Mr. Mostyn's

presence. He promised to meet me here, to let you hear it read. Ah, there he is!" —as a loud flurried knocking was heard at the hall-door.

Mr. Mostyn came bustling in, a little, rosy-faced, stout man, shrewd and sensible in his office, impulsive, tender-hearted, and indiscreet out of it. Another male figure—taller, sparer—followed him into the room—the family lawyer, Mr. Wade.

"Well, well, well," the trustee began, moving aimlessly to and fro for a few moments; then, halting before Valentine, and grasping her two delicate cold hands, he pressed them warmly in the agitation of the moment, "This is a very unfortunate business—a very unfortunate business indeed! My poor child, we sympathize with you most deeply! Never more shocked in my life—never! Most insane—no other word for it, by George! But Wade says no chance of breaking the instrument—testator known to be absolutely sound of mind. But anything more eccentric, more cruel, and unjust! Indeed, my dear Miss Heathcote, I can't say how sorry I am—I can't indeed!"

"Thank you—you are always kind, Mr. Mostyn," the girl answered gently; and, as he released her hands, she seated herself quietly upon the nearest chair. "I should like to hear how things are arranged in this new will, for everything is different, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; not everything—not everything!" said Mr. Mostyn hurriedly. "Wade will explain. All the smaller legacies, in fact—Mr. Gould's, Mr. Wills's, the servants'—are—er—the same. It is—"

"My position only that is altered," interposed Miss Heathcote, concluding the sentence for him. "Well, I should like to hear it, if Mr. Wade will kindly tell me" —turning her grave delicate face towards the lawyer with a calm listening look.

It was soon told. To the testator's nephew, Philip Gilbert Heathcote, was left all that the previous will had secured to his step-daughter, for whom the only provision made was a legacy of two thousand pounds, invested in the Funds. And this was declared to be "by my step-daughter's own desire."

"It's monstrous! It's—it's incomprehensible!" cried Mr. Mostyn. "Is that true, Miss Heathcote—that it was your own desire?"

"Hardly," she said, with a smile upon her lips; and, as though disturbed by a sudden thought, she glanced across the room, and her eyes rested for a moment upon Edwin's Gould's face. "May I see the will, Mr. Wade? Thanks. Can you tell me where it was found?"

It was Mr. Mostyn who answered her question.

"In your step-father's private safe, between the leaves of a ledger which he used to keep himself. It was the merest chance. Gould was speaking to me on a business-matter, and took out the book to see if we could get any information on the subject from it, and there was the will, laid in between the last written pages! Very strange indeed."

"Yes," assented Valentine gravely. And then she looked up suddenly and said, "I hope there is no question of its genuineness?"

"My dear child," exclaimed Mr. Mostyn in a tone of surprise, "no—of course not? How could there be? No motive, you know; no question at all! And that young Hooper, you know, has acknowledged his signature as witness. You see"—pointing at the name—"there's Burton's, too. Oh, there's no doubt at all!"

"N-o," said Miss Heathcote slowly—"only that is so unlike what papa would have done. However, that's only my own idea. You will let Captain Heathcote know at once, of course, of this discovery? Everything is his, now, so aunt and I will leave this to-morrow."

"My dear Miss Heathcote, I assure you there is no need for such haste," interposed Mr. Wade kindly. "In a week's time will be quite soon enough!"

"The sooner the better, I think," said Valentine. "So I must let aunt Louise know, and begin our preparations." She stood up, slender and tall, in her black gown, and gave her hand to Mr. Mostyn. "Good-bye," she said; "and thank you for all your kindness to me! Good-bye, Mr. Wade."

She did not give her hand to Edwin Gould. He stood near the door and opened it for her, and she bowed coldly and gravely as she passed out of the room, and disappeared. He had achieved his revenge, but it did not bring him the keen joy he had expected; nay, the flavor of it now was bitter in his mouth.

Valentine went straight up-stairs, past the drawing-room, to her own room, and dropping into a chair beside the bed, laid her head against the pillow with a convulsive sob. She lay so for perhaps ten minutes; then rose, pressed her cold fingers for a moment upon her burning eyelids, smoothed her hair, and returned quietly to the drawing-room. There she went and knelt down by the chair in which Madame Dupuy sat.

"Auntie," she said, "do you remember saying to me, some weeks ago, that I might have been happier without my money—that it was too much?"

Madame Dupuy started and turned her beautiful eyes, with a half-frightened glance of appeal, upon her niece.

"But what is this, Valentine?" she cried. "Child, thou hast something——"

"Only a chance of being happier, auntie, according to you. Another will has turned up which they are going to prove, and it changes everything." She paused a moment, looking at Madame Dupuy. "I think I mind most for you, auntie," she said wistfully.

"Oh, my very dear, what matters it for me?" cried the poor lady. "But thou, my Valentine—hast thou lost all—all?"

"It all belongs to Philip Heathcote now. So I want you to come away from here to-morrow, auntie; you will, won't you? And forgive me for upsetting you so much. I can't breathe in that man's house!" She sprang up suddenly, went over to the window, and stood there looking out—a slender sombre shape against a gloomy background of leaden colored clouds.

"And the will leaves you nothing, dear—absolutely nothing?" Madame Dupuy asked falteringly.

"Nothing that I can take." Valentine turned and came back to the fire-place. "Shall I tell you something, auntie? It is a secret, remember—you must not breathe a word of it to any one. I don't believe quite in that will down-stairs, though they are going to act upon it, and it will disinherit me just the same as if it were genuine. I don't think it is—I don't think papa would ever have treated my mother's daughter so. I may never be able to prove that it is only a fabrication; but I believe it to be one, all the same."

"But, dear, how could it be? Who could do it?"

"Who knows?" replied Valentine. "Somebody, I suppose, who hoped to profit indirectly by the change. I don't know, auntie, really, and perhaps it may be all a fancy of mine; one of the witnesses has acknowledged his signature, you know. But, in any case, I can't take that two thousand pounds. I think it would burn my fingers. Let Philip Heathcote keep it with the rest."

"Certainly, my dear one, if you wish it." Madame Dupuy was searching the girl's face with wistful anxious eyes, as she made her tender puzzled acquiescence. "It is only—there is my hundred a year—it would be enough for both if we returned to France, money goes so much farther there. But, oh, my dear, I hope you won't miss all this!"—looking about her at the handsome room, the tall cabinet, stored with bric-a-brac, the bowls and jars of flowers here and there. "I am used to the simplicity of life; but you, knowing all there is of comfort, of luxury——"

"As if what would be good enough for you would not be good enough for me!" said Valentine, bending to kiss her. "But we shall not be very poor, auntie, you shall see. I have forty pounds a year from mother, you know, and I am going to earn more. I have my music and I can give lessons, and we'll live together quietly, somewhere away from here, till—who knows?—we may find out that that will is a fraud, and get our own back again."

"But yes, cherie—why not?" cried Madame Dupuy. "It may not be for long that you are poor; if that will is wrong, of course they will find it out. Don't you think you might speak to Mr. Gould about it? He would take any trouble for you, I'm sure."

"I think you are a little mistaken about Mr. Gould, auntie," said Miss Heathcote gently. "And you know, all this is our secret, which you have promised to keep—and you will, won't you? Yes. And now, dear, I am going to set Jane packing up; we must leave to-morrow, you know."

When Valentine returned to the drawing-room it was already dusk; but she took a newspaper to the window, where the gray light of the February evening sky still lingered, and stood poring over it there.

"Listen!" she exclaimed suddenly; and she read—"'Wanted, for high-class school, lady capable of giving finishing lessons in music, vocal and instrumental. Apply by letter, Mrs. Metcalfe, The Grove, Wraycester.' Would you like to go to Wraycester, auntie?—for I think we shall go there."

Madame Dupuy was quite willing. Good health and natural sweetness of temper had preserved to her much of the bright elasticity of youth; she was as ready as a girl to welcome a change, especially if it brought some chance of adventure with it. She began to lay plans for their life at Wraycester, reckoning up the probable amount of their income, and how they were to expend it, while Valentine wrote her application and stated her qualifications.

Having finished and read over her note, she sealed it up and rang for a servant to take it to the post. That done, she went over to the fire and to tea, and discussed Wraycester, to which aunt Louise had quite decided they should go.

"This lady is quite certain to give you the preference, my dear," she declared. 'Your music is superb, and you have a voice—but a voice to ravish! Ah, there is no fear of refusal; and you shall see how we will do well."

Valentine smiled, but made no answer; she was wondering if her aunt's bright contentment were as real as it appeared to be, or if it were an effort—a habit, like this steady composure of her own, which hid such an aching heart.

The gray February day closed in with a "settled downpour of rain. Valentine could hear it dripping from the window-sill and pouring from the roofs. A newsboy was crying a "last edition" in the square below; she caught some of the words—"Egyptian campaign—latest news—great battle expected."

"Oh," she said, "auntie do you hear? A great battle, and Captain Heathcote's regiment will be in it—they are part of the expeditionary force!"

"Are they, dear? Well, I have no liking for the man, but I hope he won't be hurt. Of course he knows nothing about the finding of this strange will yet. How surprised he will be when he hears the news!"

"I don't know," said Valentine. "Judging by his letter, I think he has been looking forward to such event—calculating on it. You may be sure, auntie, that he will receive it simply as his right."

"My dear, I know not how he will receive it, neither do I care," declared Madame Dupuy warmly. "But one thing I am certain of, and that is, that he is bound in honor, now he has all your stepfather's fortune, to make a suitable provision for you. He should offer you, as you offered him——"

"And do you think I would accept it?" exclaimed Valentine. She held up her head proudly, a vivid flush suddenly tinting her face. "You can't be in earnest, aunt Louise. What—take money from the man who openly accused me of fraud! I would fling it back in his face. No, I want no charity—nothing but my rights, and those I will have, if it is possible to obtain them. I will get a lawyer to fight my battle; but take money in charity from Philip Heathcote's hand—not if I were starving!"

"Nevertheless, he should offer it!" insisted Madame, with mild obstinacy.

"What is the use of offering me what I would not take?"

"It would prove him to be a man of honor and the possessor of a good heart!" cried Madame indignantly.

"It matters nothing to me what he is. Listen, auntie—there is something I want to say! If this will stands, as it is very likely to stand, I shall have nothing more to do with the name of Heathcote. I bore it by my stepfather's wish, which I was bound to respect so long as I remained his heiress: but, if I am not to have the money, neither will I have the name. It was part of my inheritance, and it shall go with it. When we leave here I shall take back the name my own father gave; if Mrs. Metcalfe engages me, she engages Mademoiselle D'Esterre. You hear, auntie? I want to drop all connection with this old life when I begin my new one; I don't want anybody to identify me, Valentine D'Esterre, earning my bread as a music-teacher, with Miss Heathcote of Stanhope Square. You will remember that"

"But yes, child," said Madame Dupuy, smiling. "That is easily remembered!"

"Yes," assented Valentine, with a sigh—"it is one of those things that are easier said than done!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POWER.—It has been computed that a half note sheet will develop sufficient power, when burned in connection with the triple-expansion engine, to carry a ton a mile in an Atlantic steamer.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.—Every breath we draw we take into the lungs from one and a half to two pints of air, so that it requires about two and a half gallons of pure air a minute, or sixty hogsheads every twenty-four hours properly to supply the lungs.

IN JAPAN.—A letter from Japan tells that "another way to worship Buddha, in the temple at Kioto, is to chew the prayer paper, and, when soft, throw it at the god, through a wire screen. If it goes through, and sticks on the god, the prayer will be answered. If it hits on the screen, it is no good."

COLORS.—The Chinese superstition about lucky and unlucky colors is one that foreign merchants must observe when they attempt to sell their wares in China. The use of black paper as a wrapping for needles has militated against their sale in China. Blue must be especially avoided on wrappers of goods intended for the Chinese market, while red is auspicious.

GLASS AND GOLD.—At one time glass surpassed gold not only in value as a material, but in forms of vases and drinking vessels. An article of the kind was considered a worthy present for a king. It is to the later Greeks and Romans that we are indebted for the finest work of the kind. Colored glasses were generally preferred to glass of only one color for carving: and at the present time cameo work upon a ground of a different color is growing in favor of the educated and wealthy at home and abroad. To England is due the honor of reviving the art of carving glass.

FLOWERS.—If the history of all the various flowers were to be told, what an interesting record it would be! Take the dahlia as an instance. Its ancestor was a wild plant which grew plentifully in the high sandy plains of Mexico. Cervantes, the curator of the Botanic Gardens of Mexico, was the first cultivator of the flower, and he sent a plant in 1798 to Madrid. There it was seen in bloom by the Abbe Cavanilles, who described it and named it after Professor Dahl of Stockholm. In 1802 the abbe sent roots to the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, and in 1804 the flower was raised in England from seeds sent from Madrid. When Humboldt visited Mexico in the same year, he found the dahlia growing wild, and forwarded seeds to Berlin and Paris, and the flower is now one of the most stately ornaments of our gardens.

EGYPTIAN MONOLITHS.—There has been much speculation as to how the ancient Egyptians managed to erect their enormous monoliths, sometimes 100 feet in height and weighing hundreds of tons. A French scientist offers the explanation that water was employed. Round the obelisk, lying horizontally, with the base towards the pedestal, was raised a circular enclosure of height equal to that of the monolith. This latter had pieces of wood or other floats fitted to it, especially at the upper part, so that when water was brought into the enclosure the obelisk rose gradually to the vertical. The process may be simply imitated by introducing the end of a screw nail into a piece of cork, putting it into a basin, and then introducing water.

THE TELEGRAPH IN MEXICO.—A formidable antagonist to telegraph construction in Mexico is found in the monkey tribe which inhabits the jungles and chaparral of Tabasco. Literally "the woods are full of them." Their favorite diversion when not in quest of food is to betake themselves to the telegraph lines for gymnastic exercises, and linemen assert that often 100 able-bodied monkeys have been seen swinging on the wire, festooned, monkey fashion, by looping their tails. The continuous vibrations of these forest gymnasts start the iron nails used on the cross-arms, and these often come down, bringing the wire with them. And it is not a safe matter to undertake to disperse these robust monkeys. Linemen have found that on shooting a monkey swinging on the wire they have been pursued by a whole regiment of monkeys.

FINNS AND THE WEATHER.—There is in the northern part of Finland a curious stone which serves the people instead of a barometer. This stone, which they call Ilmaklur, turns black or blackish gray when bad weather is approaching; fine weather has the effect of turning it almost white. The Finns regard the stone with superstitious reverence, but scientists say that its changes in color are due to salts contained in its composition.

A LITTLE BROWN MOTH.

BY W. W. LONG.

The night in shadows lies dark without,
The lamp like a red star burns within;
A little brown moth from the cool, sweet dark,
Through the open window comes in.

It floats and flutters around the light—
I stand and watch sweet Mary's face,
As she sits so quietly reading there,
And note the throb at her throat of the lace.

The little brown moth he flutters and wheels
In the searching heat of the lamp's red glare;
Whirls and darts to the heart of the light,
Then falls to the carpet—dying there.

And I, like the moth, flutter and beat
My heart 'gainst her heart, you see—
The moth on the carpet now lies dead—
Shall the fate of the moth come to me?

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "OWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEANWHILE, all unconscious of the strange meeting between his two old loves, Yorke betook himself to the Army and Navy Stores, and whiled away the time by buying a lady's portmanteau, one of the latest and most expensive kind, and ordering the initials "L. A." to be painted on it. This afforded him a subtle delight. "Leslie Auchester!" How well it sounded! Leslie, Viscountess Auchester! Take the peerage all through, and there wouldn't be a more beautiful, charming woman than this wife of his! He bought one or two other things—travelling luxuries, which should add to her comfort on their journey, then went back to the club.

"Any telegram for me?" he asked, almost confidently.

"No, my lord," was the reply.

Yorke's face clouded, then it cleared.

"Look here," he said, "I forgot to tell you that it would be addressed to Yorke.

The porter looked in the "Y" pigeon-hole and shook his head.

"Nothing for that name either, my lord."

Yorke stood at the door of the porter's glass box and stared at the man as if he could not believe his ears. Then he swung round, and jumping into a cab told the man to drive to Arnheim's.

He met the dealer coming down the stairs.

"Oh, good morning, my lord," he said. "I have written to you."

"Yes, yes! Mr. Lisle—has he been here?"

"Yes, my lord," said Arnheim, looking at the handsome and palpably agitated face curiously. "He has been here."

"With——"

"With his daughter, Miss Lisle. Yes. And he has left some pictures. Of course, your lordship knows best, but I am bound to tell you, it's only right, that the pictures are utterly——"

"I know, I know," Yorke broke in quickly. "That's all right. I mean it doesn't matter. I'll explain afterwards. What I want now is their address!"

"I'ort——"

"Yes, yes, I know; I mean their London address; where they're staying."

The dealer thought a moment, while Yorke looked at him as if he could tear the answer from him.

"I—well, the fact is, I don't know it. I did not think to ask it!" said Arnheim.

Yorke flushed a dark red.

"Oh, nonsense! They must have given you their address, some place to write to!"

"You'd naturally think so, but as it happens they didn't!" said Arnheim. I admit I ought to have asked Mr. Lisle, but—well, I didn't! I suppose I expected him to call again. And," with a faint smile, "of course he will do so, the man is enthusiast——"

"I know all about him, thanks," said Yorke sternly. "What I want is Lisle's address." He thought a moment, then said slowly and impressively—"What he calls next—he may do to-day, any hour—be sure and get the address. Wire it to me at the Dorchester, and at once."

"Certainly, my lord," said Arnheim; "and about the pictures?"

"Buy two or three, give him his own price for them. But, mind, keep my name out of the business!" and he ran down the stairs and jumped into the cab again, telling the man to drive back to the club.

"I'll stick there till Leslie's telegram comes," he said between his teeth, "if I stay there till doomsday."

He was consumed by anxiety. Leslie in London, and he did not know where! Good Heavens, could the telegram have miscarried? Was anything wrong? He tried to remain cool and confident, but he looked as he got out of the cab like a man oppressed by a terrible presentiment.

On the steps of the club stood Grey.

"Hallo!" said Yorke. "Grey!"

Grey touched his hat.

"I've been to Bury street, my lord, and Fleming sent me here. His grace is back, and would be glad if you could come and see him."

Yorke hesitated, and was on the point of sending a message to say that he would come presently—to-morrow; then it occurred to him that the duke had come from Portmaris, and that he might have some news of the Lisles.

"All right," he said, "I'll come at once. Keep the cab."

He ran up the steps to the porter.

"That telegram?"

"Nothing, my lord, for you as yet."

With something like a groan Yorke went slowly down the steps again and into the cab.

Leslie! Where was she? Why—why had she not wired as she had promised?

* * * * * *

The ducal house in Grosvenor square was not seldom referred to as an instance of the extreme of luxury which this finish of the century had attained to. It was an immense place, decorated by one of the first authorities, with ceilings painted by a famous artist, and walls draped by hangings for which the Orient had literally been ransacked. The entrance hall was supposed to be the finest in the kingdom. It was of marble and mosaic; a fountain plashed in the centre, and the light poured through ruby-tinted glass and warmed with a rose blush the exquisite carvings and statuary. At the end of the hall rose broad stairs of pure white marble, in the centre of which was laid a Persian carpet of such thick pile that footsteps were hushed. Stately palms stood here and there, relieving the whiteness of the marble and "breaking the corners." The staircase led to the first corridor, which ran round the hall, and upon the walls of this corridor hung pictures by the great English masters. The family portraits were at Rothbury. The state rooms were on the ground floor, and were on a par in the way of luxury and magnificence with the hall. Altogether it was a very great contrast to Marine Villa, Portmaris.

Yorke followed Grey through the hall, and was ushered into a room behind the state apartments.

It was a small room, and, compared with the rest of the house, plainly furnished in oak. There were bookshelves and a large writing-table, and one of those invalid couches which are provided with book-rests and an elaborate machinery which enables one to move the couch by merely pressing a lever.

On this couch lay the Duke of Rothbury. Though the day was warm, a fire burned in the grate, and a superb sable rug was tumbled on the couch as if the invalid had pulled it off and on restlessly. Three or four books lay on the floor, but he was not reading, and he looked up sharply as Yorke entered, and did not speak until Grey had closed the door upon them.

Then, as he held out his hand and his keen eyes scanned Yorke's face, he said—

"Do you think I have sent for you to crow over you, Yorke?"

Yorke stood and looked down at him for a moment without replying; then he said vaguely—

"Crow over me? What do you mean, Dolph?"

The duke raised himself on his elbow.

"Sit down," he said; "you look tired and knocked up. Is anything the matter?"

Yorke sank into the chair and avoided the keen eyes.

"Matter? What should be the matter?" he said evasively. "You don't look quite the thing; but I suppose the journey took it out of you?"

"Yes, it was the journey," said the duke dryly.

"Isn't it rather a pity that you left Portmaris?" said Yorke after a slight pause. "It was a pretty place, and healthy and all that, and I thought you rather liked it than otherwise."

"It's a pity I ever went there," responded the duke grimly.

Yorke looked up suddenly and caught the eyes fixed on him half pityingly.

"Why so?" he asked. "I should say you were the better for the change——"

"And I should say I was so much the worse," broke in the duke. "And now we have fenced with each other and beat about the bush, Yorke, don't you think we'd better be open and above board?"

"What do you mean?"

The duke raised himself a little higher, and worked the lever of the couch so that he brought himself facing Yorke.

"Why do you look as if you were waiting for a sentence of life or death, Yorke?" he said quietly. "You look as anxious and harried and worn as a man might look who stood on the brink of ruin. Have you heard from her?" he added quietly but sharply.

"Heard from whom?" said Yorke with averted eyes.

"From Miss Lisle—Leslie," said the duke.

Yorke raised his eyes quickly.

"You know——?" he said.

"Yes, I know all," said the duke gravely, almost sympathetically. "And—yes, I am sorry for you, Yorke! No, I don't mean to crow over you, though my prophecy has come true, and my estimate of her—and her sex generally—has proved the correct one. I am not going to indulge in the delicious luxury of remarking, 'I told you so!' I'll spare you that. Indeed, I haven't the heart to do it, for to tell you the truth I had been hoping all along that my prophecy would be falsified, and that your faith in her would be established. But it wasn't to be. Who is it says that women can be beautiful, lovable, magnanimous, clever, everything—but true?"

Yorke looked at him with a harrassed and perplexed frown.

"What the deuce are you talking about, Dolph?" he said.

The duke sat up and scanned the face before him in silence for a moment or two, then said—

"Is it possible that you don't know?"

"Don't know what?" demanded Yorke impatiently. "What are you talking about? I beg your pardon, Dolph, but—but I'm rather worried and upset about—something, and I'm short-tempered this morning. I've been expecting an important telegram for the last two days and it hasn't turned up, and—there, don't mind me, but go on and explain what you were saying about Les—Miss Lisle. I can't make head or tail of it!"

"From whom were you expecting a telegram, Yorke? Shall I make a guess and say the young lady herself?"

Yorke thought a moment, the color mounting to his face, then he looked the duke straight in the eyes.

"Yes, it was from her, Dolph," he said. "I'd better make a clean breast of it. You'd get it out of me somehow or other if I didn't own up, for I'm too worried to keep on guard. It is from Leslie I'm expecting that telegram, and—and— Well, look here, Dolph, take it quietly. I've asked her to be my wife, and—and she's consented."

He waited a moment, expecting to see the duke start up and fly into one of his paroxysms, but the duke leant upon his elbow and looked at him with a grave and pitying regard.

"I know that," he said.

"You—know—that—that I had asked her, that she had agreed to come up to London and marry me on the quiet?" exclaimed Yorke, staring at him. "She told you?"

"No, she did not tell me that you had arranged a clandestine marriage," said the duke quietly, "but she confessed that you had asked her to be your wife. And so you were going to marry her secretly! Was that—was that straight of you, Yorke?"

The was a touch of gentle reproach in the tone that made Yorke wince.

"Put it that way, it wasn't, Dolph," he said. "But look how I am placed. I am up to my ears in debt. Yes, I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but there it is, you see! And if it got out that I was marrying without money, the blessed Jews would be down on me, and—and—I knew you wanted me to—to marry someone else, and that I couldn't count on you; and so—and so I thought Leslie and I would get spliced quietly and wait till things had blown over, and——"

The duke dropped back on the couch, but kept his eyes fixed on the harrassed, anxious face.

"My poor Yorke! You must love her very much."

Yorke flushed red.

"Love her—!" he broke out, then he pulled himself up. "Look here, Dolph, I love her so much that if I knew that by marrying her I should have to drive a hansom cab, or sweep a crossing for the rest of my life, I'd marry her!"

He got up and strode to and fro, his eyes flashing.

"I tell you that life wouldn't be worth living without her. Why, why," his voice rang low and tremulous, "I cannot get her out of my thoughts day or night. I see her face before my eyes, hear her voice always. It's Leslie, Leslie, and nothing else with me! I know now, I can understand now why a man cuts his throat or pitches himself off the nearest bridge when he loses the woman he loves. I used to laugh at the old stories, at the Othello and Romeo and Juliet business, but I understand now! It's all true, every word of it! I'd rather die any day and anyhow than lose her. And—and there you are! You see, Dolph," with a kind of rueful smile, "I'm as far gone as a man can be; just raving mad. But it's a madness that will last my life."

"I hope not," said the duke gravely. "Yorke, I am sorry for you. I did not know that the thing had gone so far. I have bad news for you."

"Bad news!" echoed Yorke.

"Yes. As I said, I was right in my estimate of Leslie Lisle, and you were wrong. She knows all, Yorke, and——" He paused and shrugged his bent shoulders.

"She knows all?" said Yorke, almost stupidly. "What do you mean?"

"She discovered the deceit, the trick, we had played upon her. How, I do not know. Perhaps she came across a peerage, or a society paper referring to the "crippled Duke of Rothbury," or Grey may have let slip a word in her hearing which revealed the secret. Who can say? After all, it was wonderful that we succeeded in keeping up the deceit so long. She was bound to discover the truth sooner or later."

Yorke gazed at him with a troubled face.

"You mean that she discovered that you were the duke and not I?" he said.

The duke nodded.

"Yes. She came to me early in the morning, so pale and changed, so thoroughly overwhelmed with disappointment——"

"Hold on," broke in Yorke. "Disappointment? Do you mean that she was disappointed that I was not the duke, that she was cut up, that she cared one straw?"

"My dear Yorke, if you had seen her you would have been as astonished and as full of remorse as I was—though the trick was not yours, but mine. I told her so, I took all the blame, but it was of no use to plead for you. She was broken down with the agony of disappointment. If, as you say, you had arranged a secret marriage with her, she looked upon herself as already the Duchess of Rothbury, and to have the cup dashed from her lips! My dear Yorke, one must make all allowance for her. Human nature is human nature all the world over, especially feminine human nature——"

Yorke's face went from white to red and from red to white again.

"You are talking rot, utter rot, Dolph!" he said. "Leslie—Leslie Lisle—cut up and knocked over because she was not going to be a duchess! Ha, ha!" and he laughed scornfully. "How well you know her! She wouldn't care a pin; I've told you so half a dozen times! Why, she was shrinking from the idea of being a duchess; would have refused me for being what she thought I was, if—if—well, if she hadn't cared for me as she does, God bless her!"

He turned his head away and his eyes grew moist.

The duke watched him gravely.

"You doubt my word, Yorke?"

"No, no! But I say you are mistaken. There was something else."

"What else, what other cause could there be?" No, I tell you that it was the agony of disappointed ambition——"

Yorke laughed again.

The duke flushed.

"Come," he said, "you will not credit my statement, or rely on my judgment. Perhaps you are right. A man should have faith in the purity and single-mindedness of the woman he loves. But facts are stubborn things."

"Facts?"

"Yes! She had arranged to come up to London to you—to send to you. I don't know what plans you made, but I can imagine them. I know how I should have arranged in your case. Well, she is in London, or has been, and has she sent to you, has she met you as she promised?"

Yorke gazed at him with a half doubtful, half scornful expression.

"No," he said at last. "But—but there has been some mistake, blunder, on somebody's part. The telegram has miscarried. She may not have been able to send it. You know how closely she waits upon her

father: she may not have been able to get out——"

The duke shook his head.

"My dear Yorke, her last words to me were a distinct farewell to me and to you. I've not the least doubt in the world that the person who informed her that you were not the duke had also told her that were heavily in debt, and in Queer-street generally, and that she saw how foolish it would be to throw herself away and ruin her whole life by making an imprudent marriage."

Yorke uttered an oath.

"By Heaven, Dolph, if it were anybody else but you who talked of her like this I'd—I'd make him take his words back!"

The duke sighed.

"Even if I were your equal in strength, and we bashed each other, it wouldn't alter the truth a hair's breadth," he said sadly and wearily. "And the truth is as I prophesied weeks ago and state now. Leslie, learning that you were not the Duke of Rothbury, has thrown you over!"

"The truth! It's a foolish and cruel lie!" exclaimed Yorke, his eyes blazing, his hands clenched. "You always misjudged her, you were prejudiced against her from the first——"

The duke put his hand as if to stop him, but the passionately indignant voice rang on—

"From the first! She is as pure and high-minded as—as an angel, but you had made up your mind that she was a mercenary schemer, and not even the being with her, and knowing her, and seeing her every day, disabused your mind and opened your eyes to the wrong you were doing her! Yes, you were against her from the first. You'd made your mind up. That ridiculous idea of yours that all women are greedy and hungry for wealth and a title has become a monomania with you, and your mind has got as twisted as your body!"

He stopped aghast and breathless. The words—the cruel words—had slipped out on the torrent of his indignation before he scarcely knew or realized their cruel significance.

The duke sank back, and put his hand to his eyes, as if Yorke had dealt him a physical blow.

Yorke hung his head.

"Forgive me, Dolph," he said in a low voice. "I—I did not mean——"

The duke dropped his hands from before his face.

"Let that pass," he said in a low voice. "You did not mean it. It is the first unkind word you have ever—— But no matter! You say that I was prejudiced, that I wronged her. Yorke, you have forced my hand, and to show you that you have wronged me, I must tell you all. Yorke—" he paused, and his eyes dropped, then he raised them, and looked steadily into Yorke's— "I loved her!"

Yorke started.

"You!"

The duke plucked at the sable rug for a moment in silence, then he went on—

"Yes! I should not have told you, should never have confessed it, even to myself, but for—what you said. It is the truth. I loved her! What!" and he leant forward, his thin, wasted face flushed, his lips trembling. "Do you think that it is given to you only to appreciate such beauty and grace and sweetness as Leslie Lisle's? You remind me that I am crooked, twisted, deformed——"

"Dolph!"

"But do you think, because I am what I am outwardly, that I have no heart? God, who sees below the surface, knows that there beats in my bosom a heart as tender, as hungry for love, as quick to love as yours! Ah, and quicker, hungrier! And I loved her! Loved her with a love as strong and passionate as yours!" He stopped for want of breath.

Yorke sank into the chair, and turned his face away.

"And you did not guess it? Well, that is not surprising, for I strove hard to hide it from even myself. I knew that it was madness to hope that I might win her love! But I knew that if I had offered myself in any right colors she would have accepted me, bent, twisted, deformed, mockery of a man as I am!"

Yorke groaned.

"And—and—" he stopped, and seemed to be struggling with something—"and I was tempted! Yes, I was tempted the morning she came to me and told me that she knew, was tempted to tell her that she might still be a duchess; that I loved her, and would marry her!"

Yorke sprang to his feet.

"Sit—sit down," said the duke hoarsely, and Yorke sank down again. "But I resisted the temptation. I left her without a word, without a look or sign by which she could know the truth. I had to bear it. It is a burden which crushes, which tortures me! Ever since I left the cursed place the temptation has assailed me at intervals, and once or twice I have almost resolved to write—to go down to her—and offer her that upon which she has set her woman's heart—the ducal coronet—for which even a Leslie Lisle will sell herself!"

Yorke opened his lips, but the duke by a gesture stopped him again.

"Now you know the whole truth. If you have to suffer, so also have I. Any my lot will be worse than yours. You—" he looked at him, not enviously, but with a sad admiration—"you will get over this—will forget her——"

"No, no!"

"Yes. There are other women whose love you may win. There is one already." He paused. "Yes, if one nail drives out another, so one love may drive out all remembrance of another. And so it is with you. But I!" He dropped back, and covered his face with his hand. "For me there can be no such hope. The door of love, the gates of the earthly paradise are shut against me, and will remain shut while I live. To me the Fates says mockingly, 'Rank, wealth, station, we give you, but the love of woman, that supreme gift of the gods to man, thou shalt never know!'"

There was silence for a moment, then he raised himself on his elbow.

"Yorke, you must bear your burden. Forget her. It will be hard. Don't I know how hard? To forget Leslie—those sweet gray eyes, with their melting tenderness, that low, musical voice! But you must forget her. As I said, there are others. There is one. Eleanor——"

Yorke sprang to his feet.

"Forget her! Forget Leslie! What are you talking about? We must be mad, both of us; you to talk as you have done and I to listen! She's as true as steel! I shall find a telegram waiting for me at the club, and—and all will turn out right!"

The duke regarded him gravely.

"Go and see," he said quietly. "If you do not find a message from her, what will you do?"

Yorke looked at him.

"Though my body is twisted, my brain is straighter and more acute than yours," said the duke with a smile, "and I will tell you what to do. Wire to the landlady at the house they lived in, Sea View. What was the woman's name?"

"Merrick," said York.

"Yes, Merrick. Ask if the Lisles are there, and if not, for their address. Pay for the return message and all charges. But I can tell you the result at once."

"The result? What?"

"You will not find her. She does not intend that you should. With all her beauty and grace and sweetness, she, even she, even Leslie! being a woman, is too worldly wise to marry Yorke Auchester now that he is a duke no longer."

Yorke caught up his hat and laughed hoarsely.

"I'll soon prove you wrong!" he said.

"And if you do not? If you prove that I am right?" asked the duke, looking at him steadily.

Yorke stopped at the door and looked over his shoulder.

"Then—then—" he stopped and swore—"then you may do what you like with me; marry me to whom you please, when you please, send me to the devil——"

He strode through the marble hall and called a cab. He ran up the steps of the Dorchester and confronted the patient Stephens.

"There's a telegram for me now, Stephens. Name of 'Yorke,' you know."

"No, sir, nothing for you," was the reply.

He turned at once, and going straight to the telegraph office in Regent street, sent the following telegram to Mrs. Merrick—

"If Miss Lisle is not at Portmaris, send her address to Yorke, Regent street Post Office. Reply, paid, at once."

"I'll wait," he said.

"It may be an hour, sir," said the young lady clerk.

"I'll wait if it's ten hours," he said.

He waited for an hour and a half, and then they handed him this—

"Mr. and Miss Lisle have gone and left no address."

He walked from the post office to Grosvenor square with the telegram crushed in his hand, and went straight to the duke's room. He was still lying on the couch, and he did not lift his head as Yorke entered.

"Well?" he said. "But I need not ask. You are convinced?"

Yorke flattened out the telegram and dropped it into the duke's hand.

"No address! Here in London, and I do not know where to look for her!" he said hoarsely. "Convinced! No! No!"

Then his voice broke, and he sank into the chair by the table and dropped his head upon his arms.

The duke sighed.

"My poor Yorke! Oh, woman, woman! God sent you as a blessing, and you have proved a curse!"

* * * * * *

Lady Eleanor reached Palace Gardens and went straight to her boudoir and flung herself on a couch.

To women of her class come very few such adventures as that which had happened to her this morning. From their cradles, through their girlhood, and indeed all through their lives, they are so hedged in and protected from the world outside the refined and exclusive circle in which they move, that there is little chance of their coming in contact with other than their own set.

She had seen Finetta on the stage of the Diadem, had heard of her, read of her, knew that Yorke Auchester's name was in some way connected with her, but she had never dreamed that a meeting with her would be even possible, much less probable.

And now she had not only met with her, but talked and listened to her.

The fact that she had done so filled her with shame and confusion. What would her friends and relatives think if they knew? What would Godolphin, the duke, say if he were told that she had not only engaged in conversation with this Finetta, but actually entered into a kind of compact and conspiracy with her?

But she soon dismissed this part of the case, and allowed herself to think only of the information that Finetta had given her.

Yorke going to be married!

She would almost as soon have heard that he was going to die. Indeed, death would not more completely remove him for her, would not set up a more insurmountable barrier between them than a marriage. For if he were to die, she could still think and dream of him as hers; whereas, if he married, he would belong in this world and the next to another woman.

And such a woman! Finetta had spoken of this Leslie Lisle as if she were an uncultivated, half-educated country girl.

Lady Eleanor could imagine what she was like; some simpering, round-faced girl, just a step above a laborer's daughter. One of those girls who blushed with timidity and fright when they were spoken to, who spoke in a strong provincial dialect, who dressed like a dowdy and looked just respectable, something between a servant and a shop girl.

She was pretty, no doubt; but to think that Yorke, Yorke the fastidious, should be caught by a pretty face! Why, she, Lady Eleanor, was pretty! She looked at her pale, agitated face, and a kind of indignant rage consumed her for a moment. She was the acknowledged belle of many a ballroom. She might have a professional beauty if she had cared to be one. She was accomplished, was in her own rank and class, a fitting mate—yes, she told herself with inward conviction, a fitting mate for him.

With her by his side, as his wife, he could have filled a conspicuous place in the world, their world, the upper ten thousand, the rulers and masters.

And he had passed her by and was going to marry a half-educated, uncivilized, uncultivated country girl, with pink cheeks and a simpering smile.

The thought drove her half mad. Finetta had said that she had tried to prevent it, and that it now rested with her, Lady Eleanor, to make an attempt.

Lady Eleanor shuddered and reddened with shame at the idea of being a conspirator with such an one as Finetta of the Diadem. And yet was not the object to be attained worthy of even such means?

She would not ask herself why Finetta desired to stop the marriage; she put that question away from her resolutely, and told herself that it was of Yorke and Yorke's welfare alone that she was thinking.

A servant came up to announce visitors, but Lady Eleanor answered through the locked door that she wasn't at home.

"I will only see Mr. Ralph Duncombe," she said, and she longed for his presence with a feverish impatience; though she had no fixed plan in her mind, nothing but a vague idea that Ralph Duncombe, the cute city man, might be able to help her.

About six o'clock the servant announced him, and she had him shown up to her boudoir. She had had time to collect herself and regain composure, to change her dress for a tea gown and do her hair; but her face was pale and still showed traces of the terrible agitation which she had suffered, and Ralph Duncombe as he took her hand looked at her inquiringly.

"I am afraid you have found the heat trying, Lady Eleanor. I hope you are well," he said, in his grave, sedate voice.

"Thank you, yes," she said; "I am well, quite well. But I am—what is the term you city men use when you want to say that you are worried? Pray sit down," and she pointed to a chair so placed that she could see his face while hers was against the light.

"We find 'worried' good enough for us, Lady Eleanor; but we are worried so often that we think little of it, and take things very much as they come."

"Ah, then I envy you!" she said with a genuine sigh. "I am afraid you will think me very inconsiderate in sending for you, you who have so much to occupy your time and energies."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SISTERS.—The full influence of sisterly affection in beautifying and brightening family life, and in preventing brothers from flying off too early into outer society is only exerted, perhaps, in those homes in which the eldest child is a girl. Many husbands and wives have felt and expressed serious disappointment when their first-born has been of the gentler sex. If they could anticipate all their after history, they would discern much greater reason for special thankfulness. The eldest child generally wields, for some years, the highest and most plastic influence over the others, and it seldom turns out unfortunate that such influence should be associated with the distinctive qualities and tastes of woman's nature. Nevertheless, in a family of boys, a wee sister, a late comer, is often a magical source of affection and bond of unity. It is difficult to choose which one would have, and, since the choice is not left to us, it is all the easier to accept as best for us and for ours whatever distribution of the sexes Divine Providence may have settled for us. Thus much, however, we may say, that when families have grown up into adolescence, we have seldom heard parents regret that the earliest and greatest share in the formation of character was assigned, by reason of their age, to girls rather than to boys, or that in preparing young minds for the coming battle of life, hearts took the precedence of heads.

ORIGIN OF "TARIFF."—At the southern point of Spain, and running out into the strait of Gibraltar, is a promontory which from its position is remarkably adapted for commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean and watching the entrance and exit of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the Moorish domination, "Tarifa." It was the custom of the Moors to watch all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea, and issue from this strong-hold to levy duties, according to a fixed scale, on all merchandise passing in and out. This was called, from the place where it was levied, tarifa, and from this comes our word "tariff." Tariff is a list or table of duties to be paid on goods exported or imported, whether such duties are imposed by the government of a country or agreed on by the prices or governments of two countries holding commerce with each other.

A MEDIÆVAL KNIGHT'S TOILET.—A most distinguished British authority on the subject of arms and armor, in a paper communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, once gave an amusingly minute explanation of the performance of a mediæval knight's iron toilet. He commenced at the feet, and, proceeding upwards, donned, first his "sabatynes," or steel clogs; next his greaves, or shin-pieces; next his "cuisses," or thigh-pieces; after those his breeching of mail; fifthly, his "tuillettes," or overlapping hip-plates; sixtly, his cuirass or breast-plates; seventhly, his "vambraces," or arm-plates; eighthly, his "rere-braces," or coverings for the upper arm; ninthly, he hung his dagger; tenthly, he put on his short sword; eleventhly, he assumed his mantle; twelfthly, he put on his hemlet or "bassinet;" thirteenthly, he girt his long sword about him; fourteenthly, he took up his shield. Thus locked up in steel, he was said to be arrayed "cap-a-pie," or armed at all points either for defence or for defiance.

WEE HOSTESS—"Mamma, shall I invite Lucy Littnay to my party?" Mamma—"Certainly. She is the minister's daughter." "Do ministers' daughters get invited everywhere?" "Always." "They has lots of fun, I guess. I wish my papa was a minister 'stead of a mis'able sinner."

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY A. C. R.

Faded the last faint blush of evening's rose,
And shadows gather in the sleeping vale,
Where, silent now, the rippling streamlet flows
Beneath the mist, that, rising dim and pale,
Hovers above it like a silver veil,
Hiding the tears upon the closed-up flowers,
That seem to weep for the day's vanished hours.

Across the heaven a mellow radiance steals,
The mist grows brighter, and the silver stream
Reflects the tender light which half reveals
Earth's loveliness, and, like an infant's dream,
Makes all things beautiful and holy seem:
The harvest moon along the autumn sky
Holds her fair sway and bids the darkness fly.

O'er fallen leaves, o'er hill, and vale, and plain,
O'er ripened fruit and fields of golden grain;
O'er lovers, lingering in the mystic light,
Whispering fond words beneath the silent night;
O'er the great city in its solemn rest,
O'er wealth and poverty, the worst, the best,
Her lustre falls, and, through the listening air
Breathes but of peace and beauty everywhere;
Serene and pure she mounts the azure heaven,
Telling the wondrous love her God to man has given.

For Father's Sake.

BY LADY DUNBOYNE.

"SO THAT is Colonel Ainslie—the hero of whom we have heard and read so much?" said one of the elder ladies who were looking on at a tennis match in the Rectory grounds at West Moor. "Well! I had expected to think him plain, but scarcely so—so almost repulsively ugly as he really is. Not even a good figure to redeem that frightful face—surely one eye is nearly closed just above the scar?"

"Ah!" said the rector with his quiet smile, "the comrade whom he saved from the Zulu assegais has had good cause to bless that scar. Poor old Jack Ainslie had a near shave for it that time, and the Victoria Cross, even, is a poor exchange for half one's sight. He is one of the finest fellows that ever lived, and I defy even you, Mrs. Russell, to think him ugly after he has talked to you for five minutes in that pleasant voice of his, the only attraction he ever possessed."

"What brings him to West Moor?"

"Partly the fact of his being a distant cousin of my wife's—no, you need not apologize for your criticism; we all know Jack's personal shortcomings, and no one is better aware of them than himself—and partly his wish to look up an old friend and brother officer to whom he was formerly much attached—Captain Wingfield."

"The father of pretty little Madge? I see her over yonder, playing tennis with Charlie Fullerton as usual. I hope there is nothing in that; it would be too silly, when neither has a penny."

"Oh! they are only old chums and playfellows; boys never fall in love with the little tots they have known from babyhood."

"I am not quite sure of that, when the tots grow up so distractingly pretty, with yellow-gold hair and forget-me-not colored eyes—really Madge has a face that would drive an artist distracted—but after all I believe her safety lies in the fact of thinking no one equal to her father. I don't know Captain Wingfield myself, but I like to ask the child after him, for the sake of seeing her sweet little face light up. But you look grave; is he not so well?"

"I fear there is sore trouble in store for Madge's tender little heart," said the rector evasively, and the next minute he made his escape to where his friend and guest was standing with folded arms, quietly watching the gay scene.

"Much bored, Ainslie? Don't stand on ceremony; go off and have a quiet pipe whenever you get tired of our frivolities."

"Thanks, old fellow, but I am doing very well. I've been away from civilized society so long, what with India and that shooting trip to the Rockies since I gave up the service, that it rather amuses me to take up the threads again. By-the-bye, Everett, I think I have discovered the young lady whom you promised to show me to-day. At least she is a striking likeness of my dear old handsome chum, Val Wingfield." He pointed out a lady of some five-and-twenty years, or possibly more, tall and slender, with a certain quiet stateliness in her very plain dress and thick plaits of golden-brown hair. "She has Val's profile exactly and, when she speaks, his very expression—and yet I am puzzled——"

"I should think so!" laughed the rector. "Where has your memory gone woolgathering, Ainsley? That is Christine Wingfield, niece to your old friend, and only down in these parts for a short visit. Little Madge is seven years younger than her cousin, as you ought to know, for you were her godfather (though represented by proxy) when I christened her eighteen years ago. That is she, whose splendid serving they are applauding over yonder—our queen of the tennis ground, especially when she has Charley Fullerton as partner. Poor little girl! I fear her days of gaiety are numbered! If all one hears be true, poor Wingfield will not be able to keep on his place much longer."

"Why so?"

"He has had heavy losses. He never was a prudent man, and since his wife's death things have just been allowed to slide. One or two speculations into which he was drawn have turned out badly, and yesterday I heard to my great dismay that the —— Bank, in which most of we ——shire folks are interested, is very shaky. I have only a few hundreds in it, but poor Wingfield is a large shareholder. Should it fail, there will be very little but ruin before him and poor little Madge. Christine has barely enough to live on herself—she boards with some old friends in town, and spends her time in writing for the magazines, laying out her earnings in charity. I have no doubt that whenever the crash does come, the good girl will devote herself to doing all she can—more than she can, indeed—to spare her uncle and the little one. The two girls are very tenderly attached."

It seemed so, indeed, for the tennis match ended at this moment, and Madge, bright and flushed with victory, ran up to her cousin, whose grave sweet face lighted up with smiles of response.

The rector crossed over to them. "Madge, I have brought you an old friend—one of whom you have heard your father speak—Colonel Ainslie. Christine, I think you, too, must have heard of him, in his public character at all events."

Both girls turned, but Christine's quiet greeting was lost in the younger one's eager cry of welcome. "Oh, how glad my father will be! he has talked of you so often, and wondered if he would ever see you again! Ah! we know you well—have known you for years, dear godfather! have we not Christie?" turning in her child-like, impulsive way to her cousin, whose assent was signified only by a smile.

"And now tell me of him—tell me of my dear old friend," said Colonel Ainslie, a few minutes later, when Christine having slipped away on some pretext, he paced the shady, rose-bordered walks along with Madge. "I have so much to hear, for it is long, long since we shook each other by the hand, vowing that neither time nor space should ever break the brother-like tie between us. Ah, child you don't know what your father was to me, when I joined the old regiment, a raw subaltern, twenty seven years ago. Shy, ugly, awkward and homesick, you can scarcely imagine a more miserable specimen of humanity. And then he took me up—Val Wingfield—the most popular youngster of them all, the handsomest, the most sought after. There were only a few years between us, and I always looked older than I was. The fellows nick-named us Valentine and Orson, and we were like brothers until that day—a sad one to me—when your father gave up soldiering to marry. We have never met since, for I was constantly away on foreign service; latterly in various posts of command; and on the only occasion of my spending any time in England your father was travelling in the Riviera on account of your mother's health. Since I returned this time, I have heard that you have lost her; nay, my child, I did not mean to distress you; it is like my old bearish clumsiness."

"No, no," said Madge, struggling to speak calmly, "it is not that; not your fault in any way; only I was thinking of father—oh! how glad he will be to see you! Dear, dear father! but he is very ill, so much changed even in the last few years, and perhaps you will hardly know him. He has had troubles," her voice faltered again, and Ainslie pressed the little hand that rested confidingly within his arm.

"And when may I come?" he asked. "My time here may be short. I have the offer of an appointment at the Horse-guards, and may have to go up to London soon."

"Oh come to-night!" cried Madge; then hesitating: "that is, if you will not mind. The house is not so very small, but we have only a part of it furnished now," she broke off, hearing Christine's quiet voice at her elbow. "Madge dear, I am going home with Mrs. Russell, she wants me to stay a few days, and will send send over for my things. Will you not take Colonel Ainslie back with you to see Uncle Val? And my room will be all ready," she added in a lower voice.

That evening, long after Madge had gone to her room, the two old brother officers sat smoking in Captain Wingfield's snuggery, striving with more or less success to bridge over with friendly recollections the long gulf of years, during which they had been parted.

They were a strange contrast—Valentine Wingfield with his delicate, handsome features—sharpened yet more by ill-health and the seclusion of his recent life—scholar and scientist now, rather than soldier, and feeling himself on unfamiliar ground as he talked the long-forgotten language of the past—and Jack Ainslie, sturdy, bronzed, weather-beaten, almost repulsively ugly, as Mrs. Russell had said, ungainly in figure, yet withal a soldier every inch of him, with the ring of command in his frank, kindly voice, and a certain air of distinction and self-reliance common to those who have had the lives and safety of other human creatures in their keeping. Sadly now he was looking at the wreck before him of all he had once thought brightest and noblest in manhood—at Val Wingfield, as he sat leaning back in his chair and speaking of the ruin which seemed about to overwhelm him and his child.

"If I could have died here in peace and seen Madge provided for, I should be content," was the hopeless, oft-repeated burden of his song; and with vain efforts to cheer him and infuse a little hopefulness into the broken-down spirit, Ainslie at length left him for the night.

For himself sleep seemed impossible; he tossed about hopelessly till early dawn, and then rose in accordance with his Indian habits, and went out to soothe and cool his brain in the garden, all beautiful and fragrant in the dewy freshness of a June morning. He strolled about till eight o'clock, when he saw the postman come and go with little interest, knowing that his own letters, if any, would be left at the rectory.

Presently, however, an unusual confusion seemed to be taking place in the house. Madge's face appeared for a moment at the window—flushed, tear-stained—changed from the flower-like loveliness of last night.

A maid came running out to summon the boy who looked after the only occupant of the stable, and Ainslie caught the word "doctor," in the hurried colloquy which took place.

"Is Captain Wingfield ill?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the cook—evidently an old and privileged servant—"he's took very bad, is poor master, and no wonder! getting bad news so sudden, when the doctor said, above all things, shocks was to be avoided."

"Bad new?" Colonel Ainslie hesitated—he shrank from prying into his friend's affairs at such a moment, and would not question the garrulous cook. "Please ask Miss Madge if I may see her for a moment," he added quickly. "I will not detain her from her father's room."

She came to him, looking more child-like even than on the previous evening, her blue eyes clouded with trouble, her mouth quivering. "Poor child," he said, taking the two little hands in his kind, strong grasp; "what is it?"

"The bank has failed," said Madge piteously, "and we are ruined! I should not care except for father. But it will kill him to go away from here, and go we must: there is nothing left, except my mother's two thousand pounds! We must go to Boulogne or somewhere and live on that, he says! Oh my poor father! he did so love this place, our little home, where mamma is buried."

A strange wild impulse flashed into Ainslie's mind as the pretty creature stood sobbing before him. He had always been an impetuous man, and a hater of the prudent saying, "second thoughts are best." "Madge," he held her hands tighter and tried to look into her face, "if a way could be found to save your father—to spare him the pain of leaving his home—would you give your help towards it, even if some effort, some sacrifice were required?"

"I would do anything for father's sake," she said, looking straight at him with her innocent eyes. "Oh! tell me what way there is——"

"Not now, not yet," he dropped her hands with a pitying, half-sad smile on his kind face. "Go, dear, and ask your father if I may come to him. He will not mind seeing his old friend Jack. We have stood by one another in many a boyish trouble."

A week later, and little Madge was betrothed to her father's friend. It seemed like a dream: she still called him "Godfather," and nothing in their relative positions seemed changed.

The girl scarcely knew whether she was happy or not; she was only conscious of a sense of relief and restfulness, for her father was brighter than she had seen him for years, in the three-fold joy of having his old friend restored, his home saved and his child provided for. For every penny of his moderate fortune had Colonel Ainslie settled on his fair young bride; much of it, indeed, had been sunk in the purchase of the house and estate so dear to her father. He had inherited it, mortgaged and encumbered, some years before, and had loved it as a heaven of rest after a chequered life of trial. To think of it as belonging to Madge and her children in the future, was to him a never-ending source of delight.

And Colonel Ainslie himself?

He treated his beautiful little betrothed as something too delicate and fragile for every day life, and never looked at her without feeling it, as he said, something like sacrilege to show his ugly face beside that little angel's.

"I've always wanted something to pet and take care of, but I never dreamed of such a dainty piece of Dresden china for my very own," he said one evening, fondly stroking her yellow locks. "Are you sure, my darling, that you don't repent? Think of having to go through life with my gorilla-face always in the foreground."

"Don't call yourself ugly names, and Madge's soft little hand touched his lips. "Besides, if you were ten times more horrid than you make out, should I not love you and be grateful to you for making my father so happy? And I need never leave him, need I? This will be his home always?"

"Always, little Madge, please God."

But he sighed: it was to be "father's" home: did she care at all that it should be his also?

"He is so good, Christie—so generous; and my father loves him so much," was all she would say, when her cousin spoke to her in her tender, almost motherly way, of her new prospects. And Christine sighed. What did this simple, childish creature know of the depths of the great heart she had won?

The weeks rolled on, and the corn ripened in the fields, and fruit mellowed on the trees, and September would soon become; and with it Madge's wedding day.

Only three days more now—and Colonel Ainslie, who had been in London to hurry on the completion of settlements, was walking across the fields to Woodleigh from the rectory, where, pending the wedding, his headquarters were fixed. He had reached the stile where he half expected to meet Madge, and already his lips were forming themselves into the whistle which was his usual signal, when he became aware of voices near him.

The speakers were hidden from him, but his ears were quick to recognize Madge's sweet tones.

The deeper voice of her companion puzzled him at first—half involuntarily he drew back, and concealed himself behind a bryony-wreathed hedge. As he did so these words smote his ear.

"Madge—Madge, how could you do it? I was away from home—I knew nothing until my people wrote me word two days ago, and I thought the news would have killed me. Child, were you blind, or have you no heart? Did you not know that I was waiting—working—slaving for you—my one hope and guiding star? I have loved you longer than I can remember, and you have loved me too—you can not deny it—it has grown with our growth—been part of our very selves——"

"Charlie, Charlie!" How different were the agitated tones from the cool, gentle accents Ainslie was accustomed to hear. "Don't be cruel—it is too late now—yes, quite too late. I did not know what I was doing—I don't think I knew how it would part you and me for ever. It was for father's sake——" A burst of tears here choked her utterance.

The hand of the unseen listener clenched itself tightly on the bough he held, unconscious of the thorns that were tearing glove and flesh alike. He stood there spell-bound, unable by word or sign to reveal his presence.

The pleading tones recommenced.

"Charlie, you must help me to be brave—not make it harder. He is so kind and generous—it ought not to be so hard—and it was for father's sake—it has made him so happy."

"And you never once thought of me?" the young man said in bitter reproach. "Never gave one passing memory to the heart you had won and broken?"

"Dear Charlie, yes. When it was too late. I knew—Oh! I knew too well what I had done. But God will help us both, if we try to—to bear it—and do our duty——"

The poor little childish courage broke down once more, and the young man—(Ah! Ainslie could see his handsome face, and tall, athletic figure now, as he came closer) sprang forward and seized her hand. "Madge, my darling—my own little playfellow, give up this unnatural engagement—better repent now than when it is too late——"

"No, no, no," she shrank back, almost passionately thrusting him from her—"Charlie—dear Charlie, I must not—I dare not listen——"

A moment later Ainslie could see her flitting homewards across the grass, and he had but just time to draw back and conceal himself, ere the young man, leaping impetuously over the stile, strode back in another direction.

"Ah! little Madge, could you not have trusted me? Did you think I would accept such a sacrifice as this, even 'for father's sake?'"

"But you will forgive!" and in her terror the girl was almost kneeling at his feet. "Oh, godfather! be patient with me a little while, and indeed, indeed I will try——"

"I know you would. See, my child, I am not angry; I know how hard it has been and how loyally you have striven."

"I did not know it when you spoke to me first; it seemed to come upon me by degrees that it was giving up Charlie for ever. And now he—but oh! it would be worse to break my father's heart."

"And you shall not. Do you think you are to have all the generosity on your side, little one? I will explain all to your father, but in my own way. Marriage is not for me—old soldier and confirmed bachelor as I have been these forty-four years. And for your father—surely he need not scruple to accept the paltry gift of a few thousands from the man whose good genius he was in brighter days! Nay, child, do not thank me—I am not sure that I can bear that—yet——"

Not till long afterwards did Ainslie realize to the full what he had done in giving away his patrimony.

For his immediate needs, his salary at the Horse Guards amply sufficed, and in breaking off his engagement with Madge—the blame of which he took wholly upon himself—he imagined that he for ever put an end to his own thoughts or intentions of marriage.

He left the neighborhood of West Moor as soon as he could do so without the appearance of a quarrel, and in due time heard from the rector of Madge's engagement to Charlie Fullerton, who, beginning life as a country solicitor, gave promise of being a rising man of some ability.

"Wingfield did not like it at first," wrote the Rector, "and poor little Madge seemed out of spirits, but Charlie is a nice lad, and things are working round. I hope when they are really married we may see you down again in these parts, dear old chap."

A few months later a chance meeting brought Colonel Ainslie and Christine Wingfield face to face.

From her he learned that her cousin was married, and her father not only reconciled, but well pleased with his handsome son-in-law.

The months went by, and once more Ainslie was at Woodleigh, standing beside the grave of the friend for whom he had made the great sacrifice of his life.

And Madge was there, stunned and speechless in her grief, and clinging for support scarcely so much to her husband as to Christine, the strong, gentle woman, in whose very face and voice there was a sense of restfulness and calm.

Too late Jack Ainslie knew what he had done! In that grave of that dead friend lay buried the last hope of earthly happiness for him. No wife could ever be asked to share his poverty; no childish voice could cheer his lonely old age—he had taken up the burden with his eyes open and he must bear it to the end. "And it can make no difference," he said to himself with a sad attempt at cheerfulness. "What woman would ever cast in her lot with such as I? One glance at the looking glass ought to be a standing answer to that question." But deep down in his heart was the knowledge that one woman—aye, and the fairest and noblest of his acquaintance, would accept his love with pride and joy, could he honestly dare to offer it.

"Godfather! dear godfather!"

It was the old childish appeal, and Madge's two little hands were clasped in the old childish way round his sleeve.

"We want you to take it back—to let Charlie feel himself as honest, and me a happy wife! Nay, you must not refuse—it is just and right. Your generous sacrifice bore its full fruit; he lived and died at the dear old house, just as you wished; and now it must be your own, as it ought to be. We have enough—ah! more than we need, since God took our little one to Himself; and the thought of having wronged you is ever a bitter thorn in Charlie's heart. Take it back, dear godfather, and let him feel fit to shake your kind hand and meet your honest glance at last."

And Ainslie took it back—almost against his will, and accepting it as an incubus at first, but gradually realizing to what this was the opening of a door: and the little home became to him almost as dear as it had once been to poor Wingfield, from the day he brought Cristine home as its mistress.

TREATMENT OF WATCHES.

Views as to the proper treatment of watches differ so greatly, and are, moreover, so confused, that a few words of advice from a practical watchmaker are not out of place. A watch, to meet the requirements made upon its capabilities, must in the first place be treated well. When it is considered what continuous care is bestowed upon every steam-engine, how it is watched and guarded night and day, it appears self-evident that a watch, which is, after all, not only an engine, but one of a most delicate and complicated construction, should be carefully and tenderly looked after.

Consequently, a watch, even the most perfect one, will satisfy its owner only when it is treated in accordance with its sensitive mechanism, when it is preserved against every kind of concussion, and is kept scrupulously clean. As there is a constant accumulation of dust and fibres from the waistcoat material in the watch-pockets, which penetrates even into the best closing watches, it is advisable to turn out and clean those pockets frequently.

In order to keep the 'going' of a watch as regular as possible, it should be subjected to regular treatment; that is to say, it should be wound up always at the same time of day; and during the time that it is not worn it should either be laid down or hung up regularly, according to habit, as every watch goes differently when it is hanging than either during lying down or wearing.

In watches having a double case, that over the watch-glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that, if such a watch is left open even for one night, the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works even through the tiniest openings in the case, and thus cause disturbances. People should wind up their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they go to rest, but also because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it.

Springs will not break so easily if the watch is carefully wound up, and is not placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall, or on a still colder marble slab; and for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

The capacity of a watch, or, more correctly, its keeping correct time, is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior watches which are sold in large numbers.

The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density or humidity of the air—all greatly affect the going of a watch; and it is only the lever watch, of the most perfect finish which neutralizes those adverse influences to the greatest degree.

As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time; and even the best chronometers, used in observatories and on board ship, must be regulated according to tables which fix those variations to which watch are subjected.

A watch should be cleaned every two or, at most, every three years if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts.

The best watch will be spoiled in this way, and will never keep such good time as before. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning in less time than every two years, according as it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Any one having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any other liquid should take it at once to the watchmaker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch for ever.

MONOTONY A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—For things to be distinctly remembered, it is not enough that they should delight the senses and captivate the fancy. They must be attentively fixed in the mind with pleasurable emotions and calm reflection, when we look back over a lengthened series of years, we seldom find that remembrance clings fondly to the moments in which the mind has been the most agitated, the passions most active, but rather to the intervals in which hour stole on hour with the same quiet tread. However varied the courses of our life, whatever the phases of ambition and pleasure through which it has swept along, still, when in memory we would revive the times that were comparatively the happiest, these times will be found to have been the calmest. The mind for health needs a certain clockwork of routine. We like to look forward with a tranquil sentiment of security; when we pause from the occupation of to-day, which custom has made dear to us, there is a charm in the mechanical confidence with which we think the same occupation will be renewed at the same hour to-morrow. And this monotony itself is a cause and element of happiness which amidst the stifling tumults of the world, we are apt to ignore. Plutarch says the shoe takes the form of the foot, not the foot the form of the shoe. "Man's life is moulded by the disposition of his soul." Even prisoners, after long years, have grown attached to the sameness of their prison, and have shrank back from the novelty of freedom when turned loose upon the world. The recurrence of things same or similiar, have a charm and harmony conducive to happiness and contentment. L. G. W.

OLD TOYS.—Old toys so very seldom survive the rough work which their possessors give them that if, by any chance, they do weather the storm they become extremely valuable. A collection of old playthings many of which belonged to royal children, has just been sold at the Hotel Drouot, and some of the articles fetched prices which even their artistic merit and their strange survival of the vicissitudes would hardly have seemed to merit. For instance, a little doll, rather less than a foot high, but clad in a panoply of steel, "armed at all points exactly cap-a-pie," but perfectly modelled, and made at the time when Louis XIII sat on the throne of France, sold for 615 francs, and even this price was eclipsed by that given for a tiny set of carriages carved in wood, and accompanied by little wooden soldiers, made not consule Planco, but when Napoleon was First Consul, which brought in nearly 1000 francs. A miniature kitchen, interesting as being an exact model of that useful household apartment, tempo Louis XVI, and a little jointed doll, 10 inches high, dressed in a broche silk Watteau dress, fetched 340 francs and 110 francs respectively. Many other toys belonging to bygone epochs sold at almost fancy prices. It is sad to reflect that the little hands that played with these trinkets have hardened, grown cold, and have now turned into dust, whilst the toys themselves remain mute satires on man's mortality. Probably sentimental considerations of this kind did not weigh heavily with the purchasers.

INDIANS AS SOLDIERS.—A noteworthy experiment has been made in the little regular army of the United States during the past year. Seven full companies of Indian soldiers, three of cavalry and four of infantry, have been recruited and added to as many regiments; and more companies are now being recruited, so that ultimately every regiment stationed west of the Mississippi will have an Indian company. The Indians already enlisted are much pleased with the service. They are uniformed exactly like the white soldiers; they receive the same rations, cook their food in the same way, and are treated, in all respects, like their white comrades. The military commands used in drilling them are in English; and they receive from the officers regular instruction in the English language and in the ways of civilised life.

Scientific and Useful.

PAPER PULP.—Bed clothing manufactured from paper pulp, strengthened with twine is one of the latest novelties.

BILL STICKING.—A bill-sticking machine has made its appearance in the streets of Paris. It does its work expeditiously, and seems an improvement on the clumsy old method of ladder and paste-pot.

BONES.—Bones dissolved in strong ashes make a valuable fertilizer. Put two portions of ashes to one of bones, in alternate layers, and keep moist with soapsuds or any water, and in three or four months the bones will be dissolved sufficiently to crumble by a stroke of a spade. Use the bones and ashes together. This is a powerful manure, and must be mixed with the soil or used with some care.

NITRO-GLYCERINE.—In many out of the way places it has been found necessary to manufacture nitro-glycerine on the spot in order to avoid the very high rates charged by transportation companies. Such has been the advance in methods of making this explosive that, with ordinary precaution, thorough washing, and careful watching of the various changes of color, it can be made without fear of serious accident.

RAILWAY CLOCK.—A clock which will prove of great service to railways has been invented by a railroad man. As a train rushes through a station the hour and minute hands whirl around like a flash to the correct moment, and a red bull's-eye flashes into the dial. Five minutes latter the red light turns green, and in five minutes more the green light disappears. The engineer on the next train can tell exactly to the moment how many minutes ahead is the train that precedes him. The clock is a perfect timekeeper, and when the train passes drops the signal light.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT TREES.—A great many trees were broken down by their load of fruit this year, and many others with their branches supported on props so overbore that there will be no strength for making fruit buds for next year's crop. A tree that overbears in seasons of plenty and is barren in years of scarcity, is of little value to the owner.

COWS.—Buying a cow is a risk greater than that of buying a horse. An expert may discover defects in a horse, especially of the limbs, and a test may show the faults of the horse when it is driven, while even the vices may be discovered, but the one who buys a cow is compelled to test her at the pail and on different kinds of food, while her vices may not be known until she has done more damage than her worth.

CHEESE.—The protein in cheese is more nutritious than the fat; but when you come to consider palatableness, instead of nutrition from the starvation standpoint, then people eat cheese that is buttered some and will not buy the full skims at any other than at hog-food prices. Further, the presence of the fat aids to the digestibility of the caseine, and aids also to the proper curing of the cheese. A thorough skimmed cheese never cures as perfectly as one with a proper amount of fat in it.

CLOVER.—When a farmer is once thoroughly converted to clover he will stay by it as long as it will stay by him. Clover is for the most part a biennial, or, to speak more correctly, a short perrenial, and it dies like the rest of us, when it arrives at the proper time. Farmers who have a good stand this year, and wish to keep their land in clover without plowing it up every two years, should sow about half the usual amount of seed on the same land next March, or before the frost goes out of the ground. The plants from the seeding will take the place of those that die, and this, with the plants that did not grow this year, will make a good stand, especially if there is a little timothy with the clover.

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, &c., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Thirty years use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

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Acquiring Character.

The acquisition—or, perhaps more correctly, the formation—of character is in part a result of growth, and in part the effect of principle. Character means style, bias, tone and tendency.

After certain physical and mental habits have been formed, the constituent elements of the being become formulated, subject to the modifying influences of mutual attractions and repulsions, and to the government of circumstances. One part of the nature is toned down or intensified by association with another; and so the character as a whole is not a mere aggregation of qualities of "head and heart," as the saying goes, but the resultant of many forces and tendencies brought together and combined, under pressure and subject to special conditions.

Some of the elements which compose the character of an individual are inherited from his father and mother and their respective families; some are, as it were, newly implanted by the "surroundings" among which his lot is cast. Others, again, are personal in their origin—that is to say, they are the qualities called into existence by his mode of living, feelings and conduct.

All these ingredients, each with its surface sign or "trait," go to make up the character; and it is, or ought to be, acquired—that is to say, begin to assume a distinctive type—as soon as adult life commences.

The cultivation of this character consists (1) in the eradication of inherited evil qualities, (2) the training of powers or capacities which are susceptible of being made useful, and (3) the implanting of new principles in the nature.

The man who desires to be characterized by excellent parts must take himself seriously in hand—the earlier in life the better—and root up the weeds, prune the errant offshoots, and foster the growth of the good parts of his being, mental and physical, while he grafts what example and reason show to be desirable properties, but which he finds absent in his own nature.

This husbandry of self—self-culture in its true sense—is a very serious undertaking, and a few friendly hints how to proceed in the enterprise may not be taken amiss or prove useless.

First, then, let us recommend the beginner in self-discipline to look with a merciless and unpitying eye on his failings. These are the least pardonable of human faults, because they always result from neglect.

When a man fails in anything he attempts of his own inner motive—in his own consciousness—he must be the victim of moral weakness or a want of energy.

There is no place for the cant of inability or want of firmness in the philosophy of self-culture. Failure to carry out a behest of the will means that the power of self-control is deficient. The first conquest of the true disciplinarian must be the subjugation of self.

Self-conquest consists in the triumph of the reasoning faculty, the judgment, over impulses, emotions and appetites; and in this victory over the lesser parts of the being by the greater and better and higher quality of judgment, self is glorified.

Hence, when, as often happens, a man complains that he is unable to control himself, that he fails, he is simply avowing the impotence of his will—a melancholy confession which it is a mere contemptible sophistry to veil under the designation of "failing."

Inherited failings—that is to say, faults or weaknesses which are repeated in the child, or in which he follows his parents—are the more grave because the example of the previous life should have warned the arbiter of the present.

If a man allows his character to drift, he will probably reproduce the frailties and vices of his ancestors in an exaggerated form, and add to them his own individual errors and caprices, so that the transmitted character will be still further depraved.

It this way successive generations of careless livers, self-indulgent and wilfully wanton, may so debase a nature that the effort required to raise and purify the character may at length seem almost impracticable; and as the will degenerates with each step downwards, there may come a point at which it seems impossible for the child of depraved parents to reassert the supreme faculty of judgment and rescue his manhood from the slavery of sin.

Nevertheless all things are possible to the resolute; and, with regard to self-recovery more truly than any other enterprise, it is the fact that "where there is a will there is a way."

Some well-meaning persons make a great and grave mistake at this point of the argument about self. They fancy that the Will must needs express itself in "resolutions." There is no more mischievous blunder than this. A really strong Will seldom resolves. It scarcely ever forms plans for amendment. It simply acts, or restrains action as the occasion requires.

Earnestness is the first condition of success in life. It will be time enough to complain of bewilderment and a feeling of being dazed and in doubt when the rush and whirl of duty and business have fairly exhausted the powers of mind and body, and old age creeps on.

Some cheery souls never grow weary. A green old age succeeds to a life of energy and perseverance. These are the folk who enjoy life, the men who triumph over its difficulties by smiling the sour looks of Fortune out of countenance. The world would be a sorry place but for the halo of happiness such characters cast around them, and by which less sunny temperaments are warmed into life and sent on their way rejoicing.

Cultivate a happy spirit; walk the clean side of life, and look on its bright places. Cast the eye upwards for strength and onwards for hope. Those who look down and try back for comfort or strength are disappointed and easily despair.

While you are forming or acquiring a character, let it be a thoroughly good one, from which "failings" have been remorselessly eliminated, which has been shaped on principle, and inspired with the energy which springs from a perpetual purpose and love of right.

A NUMBER of people possess what may be called an aptitude for injury. They not only accept it at every turn and receive it at every pore, but actually seem to hunt it up and lie in wait for it. Nothing falls that does not hit them; nothing breaks that does not hurt them; nothing happens in any way that they do not reap a golden harvest of wrong from it. These people are miserable, as a matter of course—that goes without saying; but they would be utterly and hopelessly miserable if they could not at any moment scrape the substance of an injury together to solace some heavy hour despite of other excitement.

WE are building up our characters and our lives, not only by our actions, but by the directions in which we are looking, by the models we set before us, by the ideals we cherish, by the company we keep, by the books we read, by all the conditions in which we put ourselves. By looking up to what is higher and better, we shall rise to higher and better states of being, and our characters and conduct will always bear an intimate relation to those things upon which our mental vision dwells with pleasure and satisfaction.

MODERATION in, yet sufficiency of, food and exertion, with the greatest prudence and cheerfulness in self-conduct, constitutes the policy of health-preservation; and such a policy should be carefully followed out. Late hours, exhausting pleasures, oppressive labor, and worry are the enemies that make "depression" a danger and potent cause of untimely death.

A COMMON sin of housekeepers is worry—worrying for fear the work will not be done, or something may happen for which one is prepared. Those who will worry will always find enough to worry about. It is well to think of the work to be done, but the wise housekeeper will have a plan for each day, and follow it as nearly as possible.

THERE is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages; but this sunshine of the mind the man of honor and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust; no black devices, no mean arts, can pluck it from the upright.

THE great enemy of knowledge is not error, but inertness. All that we want is discussion; and then we are sure to do well, no matter what our blunders may be. One error conflicts with another, each destroys its opponent, and truth is evolved.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging—alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper.

NOTHING is so good or wholesome as the simple truth; and he who helps us to find out a single real thing about ourselves does us a far greater service than he could by indiscriminately undervaluing us.

THOSE who are incapable of shining but by dress would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.

THE wounded heart still smiles, if religion light it—just as the ruin that the sun gilds; decay may be there, but the gloom is dispelled.

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society our tongues.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R.—You had better bear your trouble; it is your lot in life. We each of us have our cross, and we alone know how hard a one ours is to bear.

V. L. G.—We think you can put your questions better to a lawyer than to us; the subject seems to be sufficiently important to you to make it worth your while to see one.

SMOKER.—The simplest test for amber is to rub it on the ball of the thumb until it becomes warm; it should then smell like sulphur. The chief supply of amber comes from the Baltic.

FARMER.—Lightning turns milk sour because it causes the gases of the air to combine, and then produces a poison called nitric acid, some portion of which, mixing with the milk, produces the effect stated.

SURPRISED.—It is, we believe, quite true that young women are engaged as train conductors in the principal towns of Chili. This custom is said to date from the time of the war with Peru, when men would most naturally be rather scarce.

S. S. S.—The Mormon Church was established in 1830. The so called Book of Mormon was published in the same year. It was really written as a sort of religious romance, without any idea of the use to which it would be put by an unscrupulous adventurer.

SUE.—"A la serviette" simply means served in a napkin. Many light articles of food are so served, the napkins being folded in a sort of envelope open at the top; other dishes have napkins laid on them, and the puffs or sandwiches piled on top of it.

DUNCE.—"Pot pourri" is a French term, and in music expresses a piece composed of several blended together as it were into one fantasia. It is also used as the name of a scent for ornamental jars or sachets, and is composed of all sorts of flowers and other fine smelling ingredients.

READER.—The mode of address must depend entirely on the intimacy between you and the parties you write to. If the letter were on business or in any way ceremonious you would naturally say, "Dear madam"; if you are on terms of intimacy, "Dear Mrs. or Miss So-and So."

AMATEUR.—If a little muriatic acid be put into glue when it is dissolved, ready for use, it will keep the glue in the same condition for a long time. It will neither dry up nor ferment. Liquid glue is made in this way, and sold in bottles. Sugar of lead will also prevent fermentation, but a very little of it is necessary.

C. S. C.—The myrtle was sacred to Venus, and her temples were surrounded by groves of it. The victors in the Olympic games were crowned with wreaths of its leaves. The common myrtle of Europe is a shrub which grows to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. It has bright, shining leaves, and bears single white flowers and black berries.

LOVE.—The best way will be to make up your mind to forget the young gentleman as fast as you can. If he will not take any notice of an apology made by the woman he has professed to love, it would appear as if he wished the break to be a permanent one. Call your pride to your aid and let it be so. There are plenty more in the world quite as good as he, no doubt.

Y. A.—The slang expression, "I'll cook your goose for you," is said to have originated thus—A king of Sweden, coming with a few troops to a certain town, the inhabitants, in contemptuous defiance, hung out a goose for him to attack. But the king was bent on business, discovering which the citizens sent heralds to ask what he wanted. "To cook your goose for you," was the witty response.

WALTER.—The Court of the Star Chamber received its name from the gilded stars on the ceiling of the ancient council chamber of the palace of Westminster, in which it sat. It was famous in the constitutional history of England as early as the reign of the third Edward. It was not open to the public, and only those were present whom the judges permitted to attend.

W. M. E.—Diplomacy is the system of business,—"foreign affairs"—carried on between different nations by representatives who bear diplomas of appointment. The ambassador presents his credentials to the sovereign to whose court he is sent. Diplomacy has come to mean "finesse" or expertness in conducting business relations amicably. This is a secondary or derivative significance.

J. P.—To clean your marble mantelpiece, make a paste of fine pumice powder, whiting, and washing soda (in equal parts), and warm rain water; leave it on the marble for a day or longer, then wash it off with warm water and soap, with a little borax in the water; rub up with a soft dry cloth, and polish with a washleather. The soda, before mixing with the rest, should be crushed and passed through a sieve. If the stains are of old standing, the marble must be re-polished.

CLINKER.—You may be perfectly sure that coal was not "made solid at the creation of the earth." Ages ago rank, luxuriant vegetation, somewhat like that of the jungles of India, grew and decayed on land but slightly above the level of the sea. This slowly sank below the sea level, and was covered with silt or mud, on which a fresh crop of vegetation arose. This went on till larger masses in alternate layers of decaying vegetable matter and mud or silt were formed, and pressure and chemical forces gradually changed the former into coal.

WHEN YOU FORGET ME?

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

You say that I am all to you,
  That hearts can ne'er dissever,
That loving you will be, and true,
  For ever and for ever!
But often has that tale been told,
  And fears at times haunt me,
The day will come ere years are old,
  The day when you'll forget me!

Yet will I trust until the end,
  And passing years shall prove you;
I dare not 'gainst my fate contend,
  Because—because I love you!
And if in time to come you sigh,
  Not long will anguish fret me,
For I shall pine away and die,
  The day when you forget me!

The 8.30 Express.

BY L. L. A.

WE HAD been married just six months, and on our return from the honeymoon had settled down for good and all at my dear old-fashioned home Sunnyside. At that time I do not believe there existed a happier man in the United Kingdom than myself. I possessed a nice snug little property, with no inconsiderable rent-roll; and the estate was not in Ireland, where "Rory of the Hills" might have made me feel not quite so secure in the possession of the broad acres of my ancestors. I had also just married, after a courtship in which, contrary to the usual experience, the course of love ran quite smoothly. Besides all these blessings, I rejoiced in good health and spirits. What more could a man desire to make life happy.

Although I was thankful that my property was not in Ireland, still I had no dislike to the Emerald Isle, as some of the happiest days of my life had been spent there. For was it not when I was quartered with my regiment at the Curragh that I met my darling Nelly in Kildare? On seeing her, I gave up the brilliant career of a soldier, taken prisoner by her soft dark eyes; and, though it cost me a pang to leave my old regiment and all my friends, still I felt there could not be a happier or more contented man than myself.

"There could not be!" I repeated, looking down into my wife's sweet face, as we sat side by side beneath a spreading lime-tree in the cool calm and quiet of a glorious summer evening, listening to the birds singing.

Even as these thoughts passed through my mind, a boy crossed the lawn and placed a telegram in my hand, the sight of which immediately filled me with misgivings. Taking the missive in my hand, I turned it over and looked at the handwriting on the envelope, as though I could make out something in that way.

"Open it, Frank," suggested Nelly; and accordingly I did so.

It was from my brother's wife, and ran as follows—

"John has met with a bad accident. Do come at once, if you can."

Immediately I ran over in my mind the trains that passed our little out-of-the-way place. There were only two. Then I would go by the 8.30 express the next morning. This would be the first time since our marriage that I had left Nelly even for a day; and she cried at the thought of it. My preparations were soon made.

"What a blessing a wife is!" I mentally ejaculated, as I watched Nelly deftly packing my portmanteau, and thinking of a thousand little things that in a fuss of this sudden emergency I should most certainly have forgotten.

Seven o'clock the next morning found us at breakfast, Nelly herself making the coffee and boiling the eggs, and making much time of me, as she ministered to my wants. I look at my watch.

"Nearly eight, Nelly. I must be off if I want to catch the train."

"Very well, Frank; I am ready. May I walk to the station with you?"

"No, dear—better not. It is too far. And I shouldn't like you to walk back alone."

"Then I will come as far as the gate."

It was a lovely morning, the herald of another of those real summer days that we had been having lately—days that were so very warm that it was impossible to do anything but sit lazily under the trees by the river with a book and a basket of fresh dewy fruit. It was an idle life for a man; but a country gentleman has a good deal of time at his own disposal.

At this early hour everything was cool and fresh from the heavy dew; and Nelly, in her airy muslin and blue ribbons, seemed in keeping with the lovely cool summer morning. Passing into the garden, she picked a little bunch of white shell pinks, with a sprig of oak-leaf geranium; and reaching up, she pinned them in my coat, saying, with a loving smile, they would remind me of her when I was far away. As though I needed anything to keep her dear face in my memory!

Over the lawn we went, taking a short cut to the entrance gates. A river ran through Sunnyside—a deep silent river, over which the grand old trees bent their boughs. We stood on the bridge and looked down into the deep clear water, and watched the trout flashing merrily backwards and forwards or lying still and quiet in the shadow. Then we said "good-bye."

Nelly's eyes were full of tears, which she bravely tried to keep back.

"Write soon, Frank; I shall miss you dreadfully. Write the very minute you arrive."

"Yes, darling. Good-bye, and take care of yourself."

"I wish I might come to the station and see you off!" she said wistfully, and then added as I shook my head, "Oh, I know—I will walk down to the river bank and see you as the train passes! Be sure and look out."

The railway line ran almost through Sunnyside, but the station was a mile off. It was rather provoking to be so near and yet so far. We exchanged a last kiss; and then I hurried away, turning every now and then to wave my hand to the slight girlish figure on the bridge.

I reached the station ten minutes too early. I might easily have stayed longer with Nelly. So I got my ticket and walked up and down, wishing the train would come. Morley was a dreary little country station with nothing to look at, and not even a newspaper to be procured. Seeing a hamper done up in straw and bast-matting, I walked up to it and read the direction. I was a little startled to see that it was addressed to myself, till I remembered that it must be the hamper of plants I had ordered down for Nelly; so, calling a porter, I bade him take it down to Sunnyside at once, thinking it would amuse her to be arranging them in the conservatory during my absence.

When the express came in, I got into a carriage, the only other occupant of which was a gentleman, a young man, with a very sunburnt face and dark eyes. I immediately stationed myself at the window, with my handkerchief in readiness to wave to Nelly. Very soon we came within sight of the river, and—yes, there she was, standing on the little rustic plank that ran across, waving her hand and smiling, with her muslin and ribbons fluttering in the breeze!

"I wish she would not stand on that rickety plank," I said to myself; and, even as the thought rose in my mind, she moved, started, lost her balance, and, with one wild effort to save herself, fell with a splash into the river, and I saw the water close over her.

With a wild cry I sprang up and attempted to throw myself out of the window; for—oh, Heaven!—there was my wife battling for life in the dark cold water, and I so near, and yet powerless to save her.

"Nelly darling," I shouted, "keep up—I am coming!"

Then my arms were seized from behind, and a voice exclaimed—

"Are you mad?"

There was a short struggle; but my companion was stronger than I and held me fast.

"Let me go!" I cried. "She has risen again! I must save her! Oh, Heaven, she has sank!"

Too late, too late! I saw the white arms flung upward wildly; I caught a glimpse of the agony of the terror-stricken face; and then she sank, and the dark river glided on unruffled.

It was all over in a few moments. The train went on with undiminished speed; and my companion, still holding me with a grip like iron, forced me back into the carriage away from the window.

"Don't look!" he said excitedly, for he too had seen all. "Who was she?"

Mute, helpless, with an awful feeling of horror chilling my heart, I hid my face in my hands, and, in the agony and revulsion of feeling, felt I must go mad. To have been so near, to have seen it all, and yet have been so utterly powerless to save her, my sweet, gentle wife!

The first half-hour after it had happened was a blank, complete hopeless blank. I was conscious of nothing but an awful bewildering desire to take my own life, to put an end to an existence that would be filled with nothing now but despair and misery; for what was life without Nelly?

"Who was she?" repeated my fellow-traveller, who sat opposite to me.

"My wife," I answered; and then I relapsed into silence.

He turned very pale, and presently uttered some well-meant words of comfort; but I stopped him.

"Don't," I said—"I shall have plenty of time for consolation by-and-by."

I was still trembling from the shock, and could not realize my awful loss yet; I felt utterly desperate, yet was able to do nothing. As long as I live I shall never forget that terrible journey—that hour and a half; I have often wondered since that I did not go mad.

The train still dashed on; being an express, it stopped at few stations. My only wish now was to get back again as soon as possible, to see all that remained of her, the joy and very sunshine of my life. I knew I was bearing my trouble badly, and felt it was unmanly to give way like a woman; but I buried my face and groaned when the memory of the bright sweet face arose and I seemed to feel her soft arms clinging round my neck.

Again the desire to end my sorrows at once returned to me, and would not be driven away.

"What is life without her?" The words haunted me till at last the very clang and rattle of the train seemed to repeat them. A kind of mist rose before my eyes, and, forgetting that I was not alone, I at last took out my knife and opened it. It was instantly wrenched from me and flung out of the window.

"Heaven forgive you," said my fellow-traveller sternly, "for meditating such a sin! Bear this trial like a man, and not like a coward!"

I felt like some haunted animal at bay. The horrible scene was being enacted again and again in my memory, and I seemed to see the white face and the struggling arms. Nelly was dead now, floating to and fro with the ebb and flow of the dark river.

The express still dashed on, flying past green fields and peaceful homesteads. Would it never stop? At last it slackened speed and drew up at a station. I got out, feeling strangely giddy and bewildered.

"Let me stay with you," urged my fellow-traveller, the man who had within the last two hours saved my life twice.

"No," I replied. "You can do me no good, thank you all the same. I will wait for the down-train—I shall be better alone."

He wrung my hand, and tears stood in his eyes.

"Promise me," he said, "that you won't think of doing what you thought of just now. I don't want to preach, but remember, 'He who sends the trial sends the strength to bear it too.'"

I have never seen him since, and have often wondered who he was. I should like to see his kind face and pleasant dark eyes again.

I promised what he asked; and those few earnest words did more to quell the desperate thoughts that were maddening me than any sermon.

Staggering as one just recovered from a long illness, I walked up the platform and asked when the next train would be passing down. I suppose there must have been something strange about my appearance, for a little group soon congregated about me, and some one asked if I was ill.

"The next down-train, sir?" said the station-master, hurrying up. "2.15, sir."

It was only ten now—more than four hours to wait! Was he sure that was the only train? I could never wait four hours in the state of mind I was in.

"Can I drive?" I asked, heedless of distance, eagerly scanning the crowd around. "I will pay any money to get back to Morley at once."

The station-master interposed again.

"Couldn't get a vehicle of any sort to-day, sir, if you was to pay a thousand pounds—all off to the races."

"Is there no luggage train, or anything? I must get back."

"Sure there will be a cattle train at one, sir," volunteered a porter. "If your honor is in a great hurry, maybe they would give you a lift on the engine."

In the relief of mind this intelligence gave me I astonished the Irishman by putting five shillings into his hand; and he was profuse in his thanks and blessings. Ah, but could the honest fellow have know the pang he gave me when, in his burst of gratitude, he called down Heaven's blessings on my wife, if I had one! My wife! Oh, Nelly, Nelly! I turned away hastily, and commenced pacing up and down the platform. Three long hours! How was I to get through them? Up and down I tramped, with no companion but my own thoughts, under the fierce glare of the July sun that rose higher and higher in the cloudless blue sky.

One hour dragged slowly by. Eleven o'clock! Only three hours since I had kissed Nelly and looked into her clear loving eyes! She was dead now, and I should never feel the touch of her soft hand again, nor hear the sound of her voice. It seemed an eternity since we had parted, yet it was only three hours ago since we had stood side by side on the bridge looking down into the water. Ah, Nelly little guessed then that the river would so soon be her grave, and that the cruel weeds would pitilessly cling round her and drag her down into the depths below till the pale face of my darling would rest cold and still in the ooze of the river-bed! Oh, would that I had clasped her tightly to my heart, and never parted, even for a moment, from my love!

Only three hours—and I seemed to have begun a new life! Was this the beginning of the life that was to be without her—only the first of many days that would dawn and bring me nothing but sorrow and misery? No; all my life there would be nothing for me but the memory of a white stone in a churchyard—the grave where I would lay my broken lily.

Up and down I paced, up and down in the blazing sun, till the very sound of my own footsteps on the flagged platform seemed to be driving me mad. At last I stopped, and, pushing back my hat, pressed both hands to my aching, throbbing head. I would not think! What was the use of thinking? Nelly was dead, and I was going back to her funeral. I shut my eyes and tried not to see the white face with the awful look of agony imprinted on it; but it was of no use. I saw it yet—the horror-stricken face, the arms stretched out for the help that never came. Oh, could I live with the memory of that sight to haunt me?

The time crept on slowly; every minute seemed to be an hour, and the hands of my watch appeared scarcely to move. The heat was dreadful. There was no shade—nothing but the dazzling sun, which was now high in the heavens; but still I walked backwards and forwards, unable to rest, trying to keep calm outwardly, to withstand the awful temptation that would come again and again when I contemplated my lonely heart-broken future. Would one o'clock never come?

Suddenly I caught sight of the poor little bunch of flowers that Nelly had given me—her last thoughtful loving act. I broke down then. Hot tears rushed to my eyes; and, leaning my arms on the low wall bounding the station, I gave way entirely, kissing the unconscious flowers passionately, and realizing how much I had loved and prized the treasure I had lost, while the merciless sun shone down hotter and fiercer, scorching and drying up everything.

With a swelling heart I placed the fading flowers carefully in my pocket-book; and then, lest any one should see my emotion, drew my hat low down over my forehead, and resumed my solitary tramp up and down the platform, envying Nelly, who was at rest. Her agony was only for a moment, while mine would be for years and years—as long as I lived.

A quarter to one. The train would soon be in. Those last fifteen minutes were the longest of all; time seemed to make no progress; but at last I heard afar off the rumble of the coming train.

The station began to get a little more animated, and then the long cattle train appeared in sight, and drew up slowly at the station. I went up to the engine-driver.

"Here is a sovereign. Will you let me go on the engine as far as Morley?"

"Jump up, sir, and welcome?" was his prompt reply.

It seemed as though they never intended to start that train. I thought they would never stop shunting wagons and running the engine up and down. It seemed as if we were an hour waiting; but at last the train glided slowly away; and soon I had seen the last of the hateful station where three of the most miserable, the blackest hours of my life were spent.

The cool air fanning my brow calmed me. Motion was pleasant—anything was better than waiting; and yet the two hours on that engine seemed interminable. But finally we drew nearer and nearer to

Morley. A fearful fascination seemed to attract my eyes to the fatal spot. Setting my teeth, I looked long and steadily at the place. A little crowd had collected on the bank. They had found her then, all that remained of Nelly! And a kind of faintness came over me for a moment.

When I alighted at Morley, I felt ten years older than when I had left it only a few hours before. The first thing my eyes rested on was the hamper of plants still standing there; and the sight of them almost unmanned me.

A gentleman, a friend of mine, came up and put his hand on my arm; but, breaking away before he could utter a word, I left the station, and walked hastily along the scorching dusty road, scarcely able to drag my limbs along, and wishing I could just lie down and die. Over the little bridge I went, and across the lawn that we had traversed together that morning. The door was wide open—the dogs welcomed me noisily; but their joyous barking and caressing jarred upon me, and I repelled the animals. In the dining-room I found Mr. Sinclair, the Rector, sitting silently and gravely at the table. He started when he saw me, and took both my hands in his without speaking.

"Where is she?" I asked hoarsely.

"Upstairs," he said gently. "But you must not give way like this. Calm yourself before you go upstairs."

The door opened, and Mrs. Sinclair came in, with her face showing the sorrow and pity she felt.

"My husband has told you then?" she said.

"Yes," I answered, bowing my head; "I am going up to see her."

Slowly I went up the stairs, treading softly, as though I feared to wake her from her last slumber. I paused with my hand on the handle, and struggled for calmness, then opened the door softly and went in with a dreadful feeling of awe and strange hopeless misery.

The room was darkened, and the sun shone softly through the closed venetians; all was dreadfully still. The curtains of the bed were drawn, and I paused again ere with trembling hand I drew them back. Nerving myself, I raised my eyes with an effort, and saw—oh, Heaven, was I dreaming? Was it but a cruel mockery, a delusion, or was it really Nelly lying sleeping calmly and peacefully, with the warm blood mantling her cheek and the waves of brown hair, damp and wet, pushed off the peaceful brow?

With a beating heart I bent forward and, stooping, kissed her. Yes—she was breathing; my darling was not dead after all! The dear eyes opened, and a loving voice said—

"Frank!"

I clasped her tightly to my breast, and felt as though she had been given back to me from the dead; then, holding her warm soft hand in mine, I sank down upon my knees, and thanked Heaven for preserving my darling. I did not know how she was saved; it was enough for me to know that she was alive, to hear her voice again, and to look into her eyes, which filled with tears when I told her what I had felt and suffered since we had parted.

When the first glad surprise was over, I asked how she had been saved, and the mystery was soon explained. Some men working on the line had heard her cry; and just as my fellow-traveller forced me back from the carriage window they had hastened to the rescue. They carried her home at once, and afterwards went for the Rector and his wife.

A good many years have passed since then; but I often sit and muse on that terrible journey in the 8.30 express, and afterwards turn in deep thankfulness and look at Nelly, fair and beautiful as ever, sitting with our children clustering round her. And, as I hear her loving voice, I am again led to confess that I am a happy, contented man, and that my lines have fallen in pleasant places.

* * * * * *

Just as I had written these last lines, and was closing my desk, Nelly came in, and, laying her hand upon my shoulder, looked over the pages I had written, with her bright eyes full of tears, and said softly—

"Yes, Frank, we are indeed happy. Heaven has been very good to us."

Then we both turn simultaneously and looked out into the garden and listened to the merry voices of the children at play under the lime trees. Presently Nelly spoke again.

"Oh, but, Frank, you have forgotten to say anything more about John!"

"Very well, dear; I can say John's accident was trifling that in a week, hearing what had so nearly befallen us, he came down to Sunnyside. And now call in the children; the dew is falling."

And so my story ends, as all stories ought to end, happily; and I put my pen and fall to thinking, for it is too dark to write. The quiet calm of the twilight of the soft summer night brings sweet solemn thoughts to my mind; and through the open window is wafted the scent of flowers; and I can hear Nelly's sweet voice singing the Evening Hymn.

"Never Despair."

K. M. L.

IT WAS a poor place. A low room lighted by a single window, bare and dingy with time, but clean. The girl, with thick gold hair, and a firm round chin, mending a little frock by the table, was clean, too.

No wonder the little fellow who had climbed to the back of her chair kissed her cheek, her rosy ear, her white neck, even the faded dress over her round shoulder, with evident relish. There was an aroma of sweetness about the girl, from head to foot. She was sixteen, and healthy in spite of her poverty.

"Get down, Benny dear, and don't bother Gladys. There, run! Baby is waking."

The little boy scampered into a sort of closet, where stood a child's cot, and came forth immediately, leading a little tottering thing of less than two summers. The little dewy, laughing face was irresistible.

"Come to sister, little bird!" cried Gladys, dropping the half-mended frock.

And when the tiny creature reached her knee, she snatched her up and covered her with kisses, while the boy, too, leaned upon his sister's lap, and surveyed the scene fondly.

"She's nicer than anybody else's baby, ain't she, Gladys?" he asked.

"Yes. Hush, Benny!"

Lifting a warning finger of admonition, and listening to the sounds of an altercation which came from beyond the door, Benny turned pale, and even the little one's smile died at the sound of the sharp shrewish voice raised in malediction.

"Oh, ye will pay, will ye? I tell ye I've heard enough of that. It's what paid yer last week's rent and the week before. No, no! ye cheatin' old thing, ye'll cheat me no longer! Try somebody else with yer plausible ways. I thought you was a respectable woman when I took ye in. Yer look decent enough, but ye'll play it on me no longer. Just pack yerself out o' this house, and without any o' yer belongings, too! I'll have them for what ye owe me. It's all I'll ever get, yer cheatin' miserable old——"

Gladys put the child off her lap and opened the door.

"Mrs. Howard never meant to cheat you, I am sure, Mrs. Cattell," she said firmly.

The virago turned furiously, but she could not afford to lose her best lodger. Besides, Gladys had never been afraid of her.

"You'd best not interfere, Gladys Weston. I'm not going to be cheated. She owes me two pounds that I'll never get in this world. I'm poor, but I'm honest!"

Gladys passed her and went into the next room, where a pale little old lady sat trembling.

"I'm sorry you are in such trouble, Mrs. Howard," she said, coming close to her side. "Can I do anything to help you?"

The old lady clasped her hand, but could not speak.

"You've enough to take care of, I should think!" sneered Mrs. Cattell, who certainly looked as if she would scratch on very small provocation.

"You have, dear," quivered the feeble old voice of the aged Mrs. Howard. "No—you cannot help me. Oh, what shall I do?"

"You are out of money?" persisted Gladys.

"Yes, dear; it's all gone. I——"

"Never mind. Don't cry. You shall come in my room and tell me about it. Mrs. Cattell"—taking out her well-worn portemonnaie—"here is a sovereign towards Mrs. Howard's rent—all I have. Will you trust me for the rest?"

"Yes, I'll trust you. When you say you'll pay me I know you will," replied Mrs. Cattell more temperately.

"Very well. I will pay you. Come with me," to the old lady.

She led her feeble steps into her own room, pulled the one easy-chair to the fireplace, seated Mrs. Howard in it, and knelling down, chafed her icy trembling hands.

"Don't take on so badly. Get warm, and I'll make you a cup of tea. Mrs. Cattell ought to be ashamed of herself. She is a dreadful woman, though she troubles me."

"Bless your dear heart, you blessed child!" sobbed the old lady, "what are you doing? you an orphan, with these little children to take care of, trying to help me."

"I can, and I will! I am young and strong. I am poor, but we have always had shelter, and enough to eat. I shall not see you suffer?" persisted Gladys, preparing a fragrant cup of tea for her poorer neighbor.

She was well aware of the poor woman's struggles with want, and had made many ingenious excuses to share with her a comfortable cup of tea.

One by one she had seen the comforts disappear from the humble room, and divined that suffering was close upon poor Mrs. Howard; yet sympathy and delicacy had, until now, forbid any reference to it.

"Yes, dear," she said at last, "I have come to want. It sounds sad. I was so happy once with my good husband and three boys. But my husband died; then John and James took care of mother. Phil, he was the youngest. I spoiled him, perhaps, with petting and indulgence. He was so bright and handsome, I could not bear to cross him. But eighteen years ago I lost him. I would not consent to let him go to sea, and he ran away. John and James were both carpenters—good men. I had enough while they lived, but James died of consumption; and then one dreadful day, John fell from a high scaffolding, and was killed. Neither were married. All they left was mine; but I was influenced to invest the money badly, and by-and-by I lost it. Since—for I lost my health over James's sick-bed—what has been slowly but surely coming upon me."

"Your youngest son——"

"He never came back. I never heard from him but once. I believe he is dead."

At the sad words the tears rolled down little Benny's cheeks. He had drawn close to the old lady's knees as she talked.

"Don't cry, grandma," he replied. "Benny will be your little boy."

"Yes," cried Gladys cheerfully, catching at the opportunity to hide the tears in her own young eyes. "She shall be our grandma. I will be her big girl, Benny, and Baby shall be her pet. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, my dear, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do," cried Gladys, laughing. "We really needed a grandma, Benny and I—didn't we, Benny? And now if you will darn these little stockings for me I will get supper. Grandmas always love to knit and mend, you know."

Gladys acted the good Samaritan indeed. She filled the old lady's hands with employment to ease the burden of her loving heart. And when she had prepared the simple meal of oatmeal, bread and butter, and tea, the table was surrounded by as loving and happy hearts as if plenty blessed the portion.

Gladys never dreamed of deeming herself heroic in taking this new responsibility, or of nursing any self-pity for her already long-borne burdens.

Mrs. Howard did not at first feel willing to accept her good fortune, sadly as she needed it. She shrank from so great and hopeless indebtedness.

"I will go to the workhouse," she said.

But Gladys always laughed, put Baby in her lap, or filled her hands with mending; and gradually the lonely woman ceased to oppose what she had already learned to love.

For the first time in years she tasted the sweetness of a home, poor as it was. No longer fearing actual want, and relieved of the trepidation of dreading Mrs. Cattell, the poor little woman grew smiling and cheerful.

There were many ways for Glady's earnings to go, but it was the busy season at the great warehouse where she was principally employed, and her wages were paid faithfully every Saturday night, so that, though she often labored over hours, bringing her work home, she was successful in supplying her little family with every necessity, month after month.

But with the heats of August, Baby sickened in the confinement of the old house. Not seriously at first—only she would not eat, and moaned in her sleep, and Gladys knew that she needed change.

"We must get out in the country, if only for a day," she said. "I have a sovereign that I can spare. We will all go on the boat to Margate or Ramsgate, and Birdie and Benny shall see the blue ocean."

Alas! the delightful plan proved disastrous. The children took cold on the windy beach—Birdie developed low fever, and Benny, too, was ill.

Watching by night and working by day, told at last on Gladys's young strength, and one morning, when she had overslept herself, the forewoman gratified a petty spite by dismissing her from the employ of Brown Brothers.

Gladys was a vest-maker, and a good one; she yet obtained work from other houses, but for the first time in her life she did not feel able to work, and then came dulness in business and a hard winter.

Fuel—for they must keep warm—was the most depressing necessity. Food, too, could never be dispensed with. It had been impossible for Gladys to ever lay by anything for a rainy day. It had always been "from hand to mouth," and now the hand seemed losing its hold upon the needed supplies. Gladys toiled from shop to shop.

"Nothing doing—dull times," was the usual salutation.

A little work, and only a little, could she obtain.

That winter Gladys lost the round contour of her fair cheeks. Her broad forehead under the gold hair was drawn into a knot of perplexity. She lost sleep, and the fresh look of early youth.

"Grandma" begged once more to be allowed to seek some public institution.

"Do you want to leave me?" asked Gladys.

"No, dear—no! Heaven knows I do not. My heart is breaking at the thought. But it will make one mouth less to feed——"

"Then you shall never go."

But those were weary days, waiting for the good time coming.

One cold February evening, Gladys bent close by the lamp, sewing rapidly, while Mrs. Howard, holding Baby upon her lap, held the little one's cold feet to the scant fire.

The children had fallen asleep upon their pillows, when there came a step upon the stair. Poor Gladys, who had, alas! begun to dread Mrs. Cattell, started and listened.

"The stairs are dark—don't stumble, sir. I'll hold the light a little higher. No, the next door—that's right," resounded that lady's sharp voice, followed by a rap upon the thin panels.

Mrs. Howard opened the door. A keen-eyed, dark man, with a seafaring air, entered.

"Mother!" he said.

The old lady stepped back, and would have fallen, but his strong arm caught and held her.

"There is only one to call me that. It can't be—Philip?" she stammered.

"It is. Oh, mother, you have grown old!" pitifully. "Is it so long since I left you? I have been a sad son for such a good mother, haven't I?"

But the old mother was wild with joy.

"Oh, Gladys! My boy! My boy Phil has come back!" she cried.

Gladys looked up—met the strong resolute black eyes.

"You are just mother yet," he said. "I was the black sheep," he said to Gladys, "yet she forgets all that. Mother, are you poor?" looking about him anxiously. "Ah, thank Heaven, I have not come back poor!"

Not poor, indeed! In a trice they were spirited away to better rooms. There was fire, lights, the most delicious food, flowers, music. For he took charge of the whole family in an imperious, high-handed way, which made Gladys wonder if she ever had ruled the little circle.

She was weak and ill, but she protested at first.

"What does a yellow-haired girl like you know about me?" he answered slightingly. "Why, I am made of money, and you attend to the babies. That is your business!"

Mrs. Howard had blossomed out into such wonderful caps with lilac strings, while such feasts and songs and leisure Gladys never had known before.

Captain Philip was here, there, and everywhere, showering gold and blessings around him, so that she was sure she was dreaming, or it was all a fairy-tale.

But one night when they were alone he took the fair face between his strong hands.

"I know all, Gladys. Will you let me make it up to you?"

And she was never poor, or alone, or sad, anymore.

Beyond all Price.

BY T. B. C.

"IS NOT this an exquisite spot?" exclaimed Guy Noris.

"Yes, indeed. 'Every prospect pleases and only man is vile,'" responded Jessie Holmes, as, with a merry laugh, she evaded Guy's extended arm, and with a few bounds reached the top of a moss-covered rock beyond his reach.

An impatient exclamation passed his lips as Guy Noris looked up reproachfully into the sparkling face above his own.

"Miss Jessie, here I have been all this afternoon, doing my best to entertain you, and all I have got for my pains is flouting and teasing!"

Jessie laughed again.

"Ah, no, not so. You have been trying your best to lead me into one of those pleasant flirtations, Mr. Guy Noris, of the Manor, is so justly celebrated for."

A serious expression passed for an instant over the piquant face, and then she spoke again—

"But a truce to quarreling. If you'll promise to stop compliments, I'll promise to be good as we walk home. Is it an agreement?"

By this time she stood by the young man's side. Silently he gathered up the books and basket, and as silent walked on by her side; but he could not long resist the charm of such a ramble with such a companion.

The path stretched before them cool and shady. The sun, flickering here and there through the trees, made a delicate fretwork of shade-leaves under their feet.

Little sky flowers all along the wayside nodded and quivered their sun tipped heads as the soft breeze blew gently over them.

Jessie was good, as she promised, and she noticed with satisfaction that her little sarcasm had done her escort good, for she was not troubled with any more distasteful compliments.

At the farm gate they paused.

"I have enjoyed this afternoon very much, Miss Jessie; only why that little lecture I am recovering from the effects of? Why should I try to flirt with you?

He looked slyly up, from under his dark lashes, to notice the effect of his words.

The slender figure before him drew itself up.

"Mr. Noris, you displease me when you talk in that way." Then, with a sudden change from hauteur to her own winsome manner—"Let us part friends. Good-bye."

Courteously lifting his hat, the young man passed on, and Jessie, with a very thoughtful face, walked slowly up the garden path, where Aunt Jane stood shading her eyes with her hand, from the last rays of the setting sun, watching for her.

"So, here you be, home. There's a note for you; come this afternoon, from Mrs. Noris. The coachman bring it. Humph! I guess she's a-worriting along of her son's going so much with my niece."

Jessie's eyes beamed with amusement as she read aloud the short note—

"MY DEAR MISS HOLMES.—I have heard my son speak of you so often, I have a strong desire to form your acquaintance. If agreeable to you, I will call upon you to-morrow afternoon.

Yours truly,

"The Manor. LAURA DEANE NORIS."

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" laughed Jessie, "what a patronising note!"

The following afternoon Jessie and her aunt sat in the vine-wreathed porch, as the "Manor" carriage drove up the lane. When the carriage reached the door, Jessie rose to receive the fashionable figure which advanced up the steps.

The two form a striking contrast. Mrs. Noris was clad in a trained silken robe, a la princesse, and her much be-puffed hair was rolled away from a face which would have been handsome were it not for a supercilious expression. She was the personification of fashion in its extreme, while Jessie, in a cool, white muslin, with her hair simply drawn back into a heavy heavy braid, was a fair specimen of a fresh country maiden, to whom fashion is only familiar in books.

Jessie entertained her guest in a timid, quiet manner, and Mrs. Noris went home with a verdict that "such a specimen of an unsophisticated country girl I never saw. To be sure, she's pretty; but, Guy, what you see to admire beyond that, puzzles me."

Guy, suddenly drawing up his long form from its lazy position, stood erect before the reclining figure in its silken drapery.

"Mother, I have made up my mind to something. I waited to tell you until you had seen her, hoping you would fall in love with her as I have. Yes," he continued, quickly, as his mother was about to speak, "yes, I love her with all my heart and soul, and, if she will say 'yes,' will make her my wife!"

"And how, my son, will you support a wife when I, in my will, leave your inheritance to your Cousin Hubert?"

The young man winced, and began to speak in an impetuous tone, then checked himself, and said, calmly—

"Do as you please, mother. It was for your sake, and through your solicitation, I am living this idle life, and left my profession; but I can take it up again and win a living for myself and a dear wife, Heaven willing."

The reclining figure sprang up with an activity one would hardly deem possible, and for a moment Guy stood overwhelmed with his mother's reproaches. Then, respectfully taking her hand, although she tried to prevent him, he raised it to his lips and strode rapidly away.

One bright morning not long after the conversation, Guy coaxed Jessie out for a walk. They strolled slowly along to the old moss-covered rock which had been the scene of his rebuff some time before.

Then, in a serious, almost solemn way, Guy told the listening girl of his great love. He told her, too, how his mother felt, and what she had said, and that he had no prospects except what his brain and hands could carve for themselves, then stood quietly awaiting his answer.

It came. A little hand slipped in one of his, and, with an intense thrill, Guy felt the supple figure press close to his heart. Their lips met in a long, long kiss, and then Jessie changed into a saucy mood again, and sprang away.

But Guy soon coaxed her back, and together they talked over his projects.

"Poor boy! What will he do to be poor? No horse—no yacht—no anything!"

A strange light shone in her eyes as she said this, looking up into his dark face, and that expression changed to an ineffably soft radiance that illuminated her whole face, as he tenderly drew her to him, and, looking upward, exclaimed—

"All the world well lost, so I have the hope of some day having my darling!"

"The Manor" was desolate, for the son and heir had persisted in his determination, and again started to work up in his profession.

Aunt Jane at the farmhouse was lonely, too, for Jessie had finished her summer visit, and had gone home. Sorely did the faithful heart miss the bright face; but she knew the summer months would bring it to her again.

Four years passed by. Jessie was now twenty-two, and a happy wife. Guy had worked early and late, and, thanks to his early training, had established his reputation at the Bar, and then had come on to the old farmhouse to claim his bride.

Mrs. Noris had seen her son before the wedding, but had refused to attend or to have anything to do with his bride. The day after the marriage Jessie told her husband something which, while it startled him, made him clasp her to his heart more passionately than before.

"I think I see why you deceived me so, my darling.

"Yes, Guy; I loved you, I think, from the very first, but I struggled against it, for I did not admire you. I had always meant to give my heart only to a man. When you told me of your love and brave determination, had I been the poor girl you thought me, I should not have allowed the sacrifice to be made for me; but knowing what I did, I knew it would be for your good."

This is what she told him—

Her father had died, leaving his immense fortune solely to her, as the only child. Aunt Jane, as she called her, had been her nurse when a baby, and her mother's faithful servant. Before her father's death, which happened very soon after her mother's, he had given Jane the desire of her heart—a farm in the country, such as she had always longed for. Jessie's home, when in London, during the winter, was with a friend whom she dearly loved, and she vibrated between the two places. Thus it was she and Guy had met during his first summer at home. After several years they were visiting at the farm. A week had passed delightfully to the young husband and wife. Day after day they wandered undisturbed through the quiet country lanes, growing closer and closer together, almost, it seemed, in a world entirely their own.

But this quiet was rudely broken, for a messenger came in haste from the "Manor" to Guy, to tell him that his mother had been stricken dangerously with paralysis, and called for her son.

"Will you come with me, Jessie? I know my mother has not acted rightly by you—but she is my mother."

Without hesitation the wife answered—

"Your trouble is mine, dear Guy; of course I will go."

Guy led his wife to his mother's bedside, but at sight of her the face, which had striven to look bright to welcome him clouded, and the restless head turned away.

Jessie took one of the helpless hands, and said in her sweet, clear voice—

"Mother dear, here we are, to stay with you and nurse you till you are better."

The closed lips emitted no sound; but the invalid raised her eyes to the soft, pitying orbs bent over her for an instant, then shut them, but did not again turn away.

Guy saw his wife's power had begun to work, and noiselessly left the room.

It was a hard struggle for Jessie, who was so often tried by the peevish ways of her mother-in-law that she would have to steal out to her husband to be comforted.

But she endured to the end, and had the happiness of seeing her mother-in-law slowly but surely recovering.

And Jessie had her reward at last.

One day, when Guy had come into his mother's room, where she was sitting, bolstered up by pillows, in the easiest of easy chairs, she called him to her, and said—

"And I want my daughter, too."

At the unwonted name Jessie started from her seat and came to her husband's side.

The invalid's eyes were suffused with tears, and she seemed struggling to say something, and finally it broke forth—

"Oh, my son! my daughter! After my cruel treatment, can you ever love me?"

Jessie stooped and kissed the trembling lips, which were once so haughty.

"Guy has always loved you, mother, and I—yes, I do, too."

Mrs. Noris clasped their hands together, and solemnly said—

"May Heaven forgive a weak woman, and bless her two loved children!"

It did seem as if her terrible illness had completely changed the woman of the world. Perhaps those long hours of pain and unrest had taught her to look above earthly things, for certain it is, that when Guy told his mother of Jessie's position, of her ancient lineage and wealth, she only said—

"It matters not, Guy! She is a good woman, and that is a blessing beyond all price."

EDUCATION.—Education, in its broadest sense, is undoubtedly the main business of youth. Theirs is the season of preparation for a future life of action. But we are too apt to regard school and study as the whole of education, whereas it is a part, and is valuable only as it is made to contribute to the general fund. Often the very best way to prepare to do anything is to begin to do it. Practice makes perfect, and facility in anything is gained chiefly by continual exercise in it. As life consists largely of work, it would seem to be the path of wisdom to accustom the boy and the girl to take some regular share in it suitable to their years, that they may not, upon entering its real business, stand aghast and overwhelmed by the multitude of claims which they are powerless to fulfil. The true end of all culture is to develop efficiency in action and nobleness of character; and the acquisition of knowledge, though important as one means, can never, by itself, produce either of these. It must be vitalized by individual thought and utilized by personal action before it can put real value into one's life or produce anything like an abundant harvest. These processes should go on simultaneously.

HE HAD been courting her for a long time, so long that she began to get tired; so one night she said to him—

"John, who is the author of the phrase 'Man proposes?'"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered John. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh! I merely wanted to know who he was."

"For what reason?"

"Because I am sure he didn't know what he was talking about."

Five minutes later and the wedding day was fixed.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A young man and a young woman in California last week concluded to elope, and being both of a more than ordinarily romantic turn of mind, hired a tug in order that they might be married on the high seas. It chanced that the ocean was rough, so that by the time the wedding party reached the three mile limit bride, groom and minister were all sea sick. The groom was so ill that he was unable to stand, and the bride made the necessary responses, while the minister was forced to cut the ceremony short in order that he might pay his respects to old King Neptune.

There died recently in Hungary two ladies who served in 1848 in the Revolutionary army, and fought in several of the fiercest battles dressed in military uniform. One of them was several times promoted, and under the name of Karl attained the rank of First Lieutenant of Hussars. At this point, however, an artillery major stopped her military career by marrying her. The other fought under the name of Josef, and was decorated for valor in the field. She married long after the campaign. A Hungarian paper referring to the two cases, says that about a dozen women fought in 1848 in the insurrectionary ranks.

Many a reader of the Bible has puzzled over the allegation that a thing so insignificant as a grain of mustard seed, when planted, sprang up and became a plant in whose branches the birds of the air found shelter. The ordinary mustard plant, a foot or two in height, could not by any stretch of imagination be thought capable of sheltering even the smallest of birds. But when one sees the vast mustard fields of California, the biblical account is easily understood. The mustard plant of California shoots up a dozen or fifteen feet in height. A horseback rider is easily lost in the thicket, while the branches of the great plants can and do at times afford shelter for thousands of the feathered tribes.

The manager of one of the big candy stores on State street, says a Chicago paper, advertised in a morning paper, offering a pound box of candy each to those who would bring him ten black cats. The manager said yesterday evening: "There has not been a cat brought in yet. I advertised in good faith. The house is full of rats, and I wanted to send an army of cats after them, but the matter of advertising for cats and dogs has been run as a joke so often that it has become a chestnut. People reading my advertisement evidently believed that it was another joke, and not a cat was brought. I supposed that the store would have been crowded with children, dragging the reluctant felines, but there has not been a single cat carrying applicant for the candy prize."

A queer quarrel over a well is reported in Deering, Me. It seems that 80 years ago a Deering man dug a well on another man's land, on condition that he should have a perpetual right of way over land to and from the well. This arrangement worked well until recently, when the property changed hands and the new proprietor, having several small children, put a curb around the well to keep them out of it. The rights of the man who dug the well have descended to his son's widow, who didn't like the curb, so she smashed it with an axe. After some words between the parties a compromise was made, the well covered and a pump put over it, but later the woman also chopped this up, declaring that it hurt her back to stoop over the pump. Now, it is said, the owner will take the matter into the courts.

Some years ago we were taught by "The Pirates of Penzance" that "when the rooster isn't jumping on his mother he loves to lie a-basking in the sun;" but nowadays it takes all his spare time to coddle his donkey so that it may win a prize at the Animals' Institute in London. Under the patronage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a unique exhibition was recently held at this institute. It was not open to aristocratic pets. The only animals eligible were the genuine working donkeys of the costermongers, or hucksters as they are called in this country. It is to be hoped that this exhibition was only the first of a long series, as there can be no doubt that its regular recurrence would have a softening and civilizing effect upon a class of men recognized in our modern literature as types of toughness.

Our Young Folks.

A NEW GOODY TWO-SHOES.

BY S. S. L.

"MOTHER, do ask the man to take them out for one minute, and let us look at them; they are the very prettiest slippers I ever saw!"

Mrs. Fraser laughed at Kitty's earnest face. "What good would it do, Kitty? Those white slippers would be of very little use for going to school, or playing in the park—we must leave them for richer people, my girlie, and be thankful we are able to get good sensible boots for these muddy streets."

Sensible! Kitty never liked that word—it hardly ever meant anything pretty or nice, and just now it meant thick clumsy boots, with stiff buttons that would be sure to hurt her fingers whenever the button-hook was out of the way—and that button-hook had a trick of being out of the way very often indeed.

Kitty surveyed the boots with great dissatisfaction, while her mother was speaking to the shoemaker, and counting out the money to pay for them. She flattened her nose against the sliding screen for one final glimpse of the satin slippers in the glass case in the corner; when she was grown up, and could choose her own things, she would have nothing else but satin shoes, and anyone that liked might take the ugly leather ones.

She wore the boots to school the next day—and very warm and dry they kept her feet, if Kitty had had the grace to acknowledge it, but she had not forgotten the white ones yet, and so she did not want to see any advantage in these.

The button-hook had been hiding as usual, when she put on her things to go home, and the teacher had spoken sharply about her carelessness, and had made her fasten the buttons without it. Kitty's fingers still tingled after the struggle with them.

"Kitty! Kitty Fraser!" someone was calling after her far down the street. "Wait a minute, I've got something to tell you."

Kitty rested her satchel on the ledge of a shop window, and stood there till Maggie Taylor came panting up.

"What made you hurry off like that?" cried Maggie, in rather an injured voice. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"What is it?"

"Why, there's a wedding—a splendid wedding at a house in Temple Square; and if we go that way home we shall see the carriages, and all the ladies coming out."

Temple Square was a very roundabout way of going home, but that did not matter in the least: it was not every day they had the chance of seeing a wedding.

Kitty and Maggie forgot lessons, boots, and button-hooks, even the tea that would be waiting for them at home, and pattered joyfully off, by sundry streets and turnings, to Temple Square.

They had no trouble in finding the house—it had a striped awning over the door, and a red carpet on the pavement. Two or three carriages was standing in front, beautiful carriages, with white rosettes on horses and coachmen, but there was no sign of gaily dressed ladies anywhere visible.

"They're sure to come presently," said Maggie, in an awestruck whisper: the two were closing to the railing, and as near the red carpet as they durst go. By standing on tip-toe they could see big pots of beautiful flowers inside the doorway. "It's almost as good as going to a party; aren't you glad I brought you?"

Kitty did not answer. A lady in a lace scarf had come to the door, and was beckoning to one of the coachman. She had a basket in one hand, full of shoes—white shoes, with little bows and glittering buckles on them.

"What is she going to do with all those?" cried Kitty breathlessly. She had never seen a wedding in her life, and didn't know anything about them.

"Hush! They're to throw after the carriage. They're coming now, look!" cried Maggie eagerly.

It was a pity that so many other people wanted to look also. There was quite a crowd, standing on tip-toe, too, and Kitty and Maggie were only little school girls, and got pushed on one side. They caught a fleeting glimpse of someone in a grey gown stepping into the carriage, there was a prancing of horses, a sudden scent of flowers in the air, and then the carriage was dashing across the square, followed by a perfect hail-storm of white shoes. One of them chanced to alight on the top of another carriage close by, and rolled off right at Kitty's very feet. She picked it up, scarcely able to believe her good fortune.

"Oh, Maggie, look here, will they want to have it back?"

"Of course they won't—it's only an old one." Maggie had been at two weddings before, and knew all about them.

"Would they let me keep it, then?" Kitty inquired.

"Why, it's no use to you—what could you do with one shoe?"

No use! Kitty was already sitting down on the step of the next house, eagerly unfastening her boot. Maggie looked at her in great astonishment.

"Oh, Kitty, you're not going to put that thing on here in the street?"

"But indeed I am," said Kitty decidedly. "Of course, I'd have liked a pair, but it's better to have one than none at all. There, it looks lovely."

It was a few sizes too large, but Kitty stretched out her two feet side by side, and regarded it with great admiration. Smooth and shiny, with a fluffy little bow on the instep and a bright steel drop in the middle of the bow; certainly the plain black boot on the other foot looked commonplace in comparison.

"I feel just like the people at the wedding now," she said, tucking her satchel and the despised boot under her arm. "It's a bit loose, but it's as light as a feather."

That might be very true, but somehow Kitty did not find her progress over the stones quite as comfortable as she expected. The heel had a trick of slipping either to one side or the other, and there was no strap to keep it firm round her ankle, so that two or three times her foot came out of it altogether.

"Don't lift it up at all," suggested Maggie; "try sliding the shoe along the ground instead."

"It keeps on better that way," owned Kitty after a minute or two, "but it makes the edge very dirty."

They had reached the other side of the square by this time. A number of boys were gathered here to see the wedding-carriages drive past. Kitty's shoe caught their attention at once.

"Hi! here come Goody Two-Shoes," cried a butcher's boy. "Lost your carriage, mum? shall I run and catch it for you?"

Kitty looked at him severely.

"No, thank you," she said. "I think you are a very rude boy to call people names in the streets."

"Beg pardon, would you like a piece of string to tie it on?" holding out a piece of his apron string.

Kitty shuffled on with as much haste as she could, the boys kept close behind, laughing and suggesting various plans for making the shoe stick on.

At the corner of the street a lady was passing: she glanced from the boys to Kitty's flushed angry face.

"Why are you teasing the little girl?" she said, stopping in some surprise; "what is the matter—have you hurt your foot, my dear?"

"No," volunteered Maggie, "she found that shoe, and she would put it on to go home: it's too big for her."

"You foolish child," said the lady, "it must be wet through; have you very much farther to go?"

"No, only the length of this street," answered Maggie again.

"Then the sooner you get there the better. Let her alone, boys, she will be wiser another time."

Only the length of the street, but there were the muddy crossings of two or three side streets to be passed on the way, and long before then all the whiteness and beauty had vanished from the satin slipper for ever, and Kitty's ankle was almost twisted out of joint with trying to balance herself in it. She limped up the steps to her own door with a heartrending sigh.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she sobbed, "it was such a pretty shoe, I meant to keep it always, and it's quite spoilt, and my foot is so sore I can hardly stand."

Mrs. Fraser listened rather gravely, while Maggie explained the history of the unfortunate slipper.

"Kitty, don't you think, now, that mother knew what was best for her girlie?" she said, drawing the soaked muddy stocking off the aching foot.

"Yes, indeed, mother," gasped Kitty contritely; "I'm never going to ask you to buy white shoes again. I'll not even look at them in the shop windows, and I'll always feel sorry now for the people that have to wear them. Nobody knows what horrid things they are till they've really tried them.

PIERROT: A POODLE.

BY G.

PIERROT was a French poodle.

There never was such a dog. He could walk on his hind legs, he could stand on his head, he could beg, he could jump through a hoop: in fact, Pierrot could do everything but talk.

"There are Toby dogs who act with Punch, and everyone has heard of Mother Hubbard's dog. Why should not Pierrot be a mother Hubbard's dog? I will try to teach him: and then, Pierrot, my beauty," said Edith, putting her arms round the dog's neck, "we will have a grand performance, and invite everyone we know to come so as to see you act."

Edith was sitting on the floor in front of Pierrot, and talking to him.

"You must learn to hold a pipe in your mouth, Pierrot, and then I shall pretend to go and buy you some meat; and when I come back you'll be smoking your pipe. And you shall have some fine new clothes to wear. Your old overcoat is shabby, and you want a new hat—a grand cocked one, like Mother Hubbard's dog, and——"

But here Edith was interrupted by her two little cousins, Alfred and Emma, who stopped as they came into the room to watch Edith and Pierrot. Pierrot gave a bark and jumped up when he saw them, for he knew them quite well, and was very fond of them. He knew that Alfred had a biscuit for him in his pocket, and that there would be some fine games of play with the children.

At tea-time he sat in a chair at the table by the side of Edith, and drank milk out of a saucer, and ate toast, and biscuits, and plum cake.

And he was not a rude dog. He did not try to get anything himself, but waited until it was given to him.

After tea Pierrot was dressed in his soldier clothes, and marched about with his gun upon his shoulder; and when Edith told him to show her how he would die for his country, he let the gun fall, and lay stretched out on the floor as if he were dead.

Then Alfred and Emma clapped their hands, and said, "Well done, Pierrot."

And Edith said—

"You are a good dog, Pierrot. You shall have a nice game of Hunt the Slipper with us all.

Now, if there was anything that Pierrot delighted in, it was Hunt the Slipper. And when he saw the children sit down on the ground and Edith showed him the slipper, saying, "Hunt for it, Pierrot," he barked for joy.

First Alfred tapped on the floor with the slipper and passed it on to Emma, then Emma threw it to Edith, and Edith sent it back to Alfred. And all the time Pierrot was dancing round and making dives at it, but the children were too quick. But at last he made a fortunate dive, and almost knocked Alfred over in getting the slipper out of his hand.

"You see, one can teach Pierrot anything. Only think of a dog that can play games! Oh, Pierrot, my beauty! I know you will learn to be a Mother Hubbard's dog."

THROWING SHOES.—The custom of throwing shoes after a newly married pair, which is of such common occurrence nowadays, is really of very ancient origin. Among the Jews, the delivering of a shoe denotes the renunciation of any right or title in any person or possession. The family of Ruth gave one to Boaz when he entered into possession of his brother's lot. The custom in reference to marriage descends to us from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, when the father presented the bride's shoe to her husband, who touched her with it, on the head, in token of authority. Whatever custom may observe in different countries at weddings, this giving, or throwing down of a shoe, is a relic of the ancient law of exchange, and when now thrown by the parents of a newly married daughter, it means that they resign all authority and all right to her.

MANUFACTURING MUMMIES.—For years an ingenious sharper in Alexandria, Egypt, carried on a lucrative business in manufacturing Egyptian mummies, which he disposed of all over the world. He was the inventor of a scent which gave the mummies the odor of antiquity. The main article used in their construction was asses' skins. Curious people noted that while many mummies went out from his place of business, few were seen going in; and one shrewd old lady ventured the startling suggestion that his house had secret communication with an old cemetery. This led to an investigation, and the trickster is now a convict.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

For using a quotation from the Bible, a merchant at Frankfort, Germany, was fined $25.

The United States, Germany and Great Britain send the greatest number of letters through the mail.

The mileage of Southern railroads has increased from 19,238 miles to 21,056 miles in the past ten years.

A Houston county, Ga., man has a sow 7 years old, that has been the mother of 172 pigs, and now has a litter of eleven.

Three factories in the United States consume over 3,000,000 eggs per year in making albumen paper, extensively used in photography.

At a recent sale of unclaimed property by a railroad company 300 umbrellas, over 1000 canes and 300 parasols were among the articles sold.

A resident of Burlington, N. C., claims to have a Jersey cow, only three years old, that gives 5½ gallons of milk (22 pounds strained), every day.

London has 41 theatres, with a seating capacity for 70,000 spectators. Its music halls and other places of entertainment number 475, with a capacity of more than 300,000.

A match-cutting machine is an automatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000,000 sticks a day, and then arranges them over a vat, where the [illegible] at a surprising rate of speed.

A physician of St. Louis asserts that there are in that city 20,000 victims to the habit of injecting morphia under the skin. The great majority of these are women of the well-to-do classes.

The London County Council adopted a resolution prohibiting the playing of dance music in the parks on Sundays, although John Burns, the agitator, showed that "Old Hundred" is a dance tune.

When the apple trees in Franklin county, Me., were in blossom on a recent Monday, snow said to be from six to nine inches deep covered the Rangely district, and a man rode in his sleigh through the streets of Phillips.

A resident of Plumstead, Pa., has a turkey hen which is very aquatic in her habits. She recently hatched and is now caring for [illegible] ducklings. When they take to the water she will [illegible] after them, and keeps as near them as possible.

There is in Lawrence, Kan., a partnership store in which the members of the firm each conduct his own [illegible] business. The front of the building, the floors, walls and ceiling are all marked by a line of paint in order to keep each on his own territory.

A few nights ago the musical director of one of the playhouses of Pittsburg received a very queer looking box adorned with skulls and crossbones. He was greatly frightened and removed the suspicious looking box to police headquarters, where it proved to be a ball of yarn.

The business of supplying the menageries and zoological gardens of the world with wild animals is mainly in the hands of four men—Hagenbeck, of Hamburg; Reiche, of Alfeld, near Hanover; Jamrach, of London, and Cross, of Liverpool. Their best customer is probably the London Zoo.

A Belfast, Me., grocer says that a stranger entered his store the other day and said he wanted a pint of molasses. It was drawn, when the customer put the molasses dish to his mouth and never stopped until he had swallowed its contents. He paid for the molasses and quietly left without a remark.

The wise man of the West prepares for a rainy day by building a wannigan, which is a house on a flat bottomed boat. The wannigan is an amphibious structure. It is set up on blocks by the river side, and when the floods come it floats on them, and the occupants of the house are "as snug as a bug in a rug." Many of the wannigan houses are well built, and comfortably and costly furnished.

A voice among the nuns in the Church St. Anna, in Rome, has attracted a great crowd to the service through its wonderful beauty and cultivation. At a recent service the congregation were so thrilled that they burst into applause and cries of viva, so that the police had to clear the church. It is said that the mysterious nun is Bianca Donadio, who sang in Mapleson's troupe about 12 years ago.

A young man residing at Cincinnati, Ohio, will go lame for some time on account of an accident that happened to him a few days ago. His young brother was amusing himself by shooting rats in the cellar of their house. The elder brother went half way down stairs with the purpose of frightening the boy, and moved his foot back and forth. The younger lad took the object for a rat and fired.

A dog-using sausage maker has been caught at last. A man named Rasson and his wife have been tried at Lille on a charge of systematically dealing in sausages made of dog flesh. Suspicion of Rasson's business led to investigation of his shop, and the health inspector of the town of Roubaix found there a regular slaughter house containing 13 dogs' carcasses and other living dogs waiting for conversion. The prisoners were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

NAMELESS.

BY M. ROCK.

There is no name, no mark, no sign,
To tell who lies below
The tall rank grass, where daisies shine
And pale primroses blow;
Yet mournfully the lindens wave
And sunbeams gently play,
As if within that nameless grave
An exiled monarch lay.

Did death come to him as a friend
That brings repose and peace,
And bliss that ne'er shall know an end,
And joy that will not cease?
We only know he sleeps below
The daisies and the grass,
Where, ever tenderly and slow,
The lingering sunbeams pass.

MONSTER SHOWS OF OLD.

We have abundant evidence that during the reigns of the later Stuarts, and the early Georges, the people of England, and especially the citizens of London, availed themselves to the fullest of every opportunity for gazing upon aberrant specimens of human development, and that such shows were under the direct patronage of Royalty itself. Human curiosities were generally on view at various houses in the city, and once a year were concentrated into a central spot of entertainment at Bartholomew's Fair.

In his "Memoirs" of that great London institution Mr. Henry Morley has collected a large amount of information concerning the amusements of two centuries ago, and has preserved the descriptions of many of the monsters whose deformities delighted the hearts of the fair-goers of the time.

Dwarfs and giants were, of course, very common. At Young's Coffee House, Charing-cross, there was to be seen a little man, two feet nine inches in height, whose peculiarities were set out in the handbill describing him. "When he sleeps," says this authority, "he puts his Head between his Two Feet, to rest on by way of a Pillow, and his great Toes, one in each Ear."

A still more remarkable "Wonder of Nature" was to be seen "at Mr. Croome's, at the sign of the Shoe and Slap, near the Hospital Gate in West Smithfield." This was "a Girl, above Sixteen Years of Age, born in Cheshire, and not above Eighteen inches long, having shed the Teeth seven several Times, and not a perfect Bone in any part of her, only the Head; yet she hath all her senses to Admiration, and Discourses, Reads very well, Sings, Whistles, and all very pleasant to hear."

The following handbill, issued at Southwark Fair in 1684, describes a giant: "Miracula Naturæ; or, A Miracle of Nature. Being that much-admired Gyant-like Young Man, Aged Twenty-three Years last June: Born in Ireland of such a Prodigious Height and Bigness, and every way proportionable, that the like hath not been seen in England in the memory of Man. He was shown to His Late and Present Majesty, and Several of the Nobility at Court, Five Years ago, and his late Majesty was pleased to walk under his Arm, and he is grown very much since. And it is generally thought that if he lives Three Years more, and grows as he has done, he will be much bigger than any of those Gyants we read of in Story: For he now reaches with his Hand three Yards and a half; Spans Fifteen Inches; And is the Admiration of all that sees him. He is to be seen at Cow-Lane-End in Bartholomew Fair, where his Picture hangs out. Vivat Rex."

The following two notices refer to exhibits at Bartholomew's Fair: "At the corner of Hosier-lane, and near The Parker's Booth: There is to be seen A Prodigious Monster, lately brought over by Sir Thomas Grantham, from the Great Mogul's Countrey, being a Man with one Head and two distinct Bodies, both Masculine; there is also with him his brother, who is a Priest of the Mahometan Religion. Price Sixpence, and One Shilling the best Places."

"This is to give notice to all Gentlemen and Ladies. That there is to be seen a Child alive about a year and a half old that has three Leggs: Two off one side, and off one equal length. It hath also sixteen toe's, six growing on one foot with two. The strangest work of nature that was ever seen."

With every desire to place the most implicit confidence in the good faith and love for accuracy of our ancestors it must be confessed that some of the descriptions tax our powers of credulity to the uttermost.

We can accept the "High German Woman," without hands or feet, the "boy covered with hedge-hog bristles," and the boy "covered below the neck with fish scales," but we cannot believe that at "the sign of the Golden Lion, near the May-pole in the Strand," was "a man-child having in his right eye the words Deus Meus, and the same written in Hebrew in his left eye."

The "Mail Child born with a Bear growing on his back alive," must also be received with doubt, while we utterly deny that the curiosity, of which the description is appended, was genuine, although it was shown over against the Mews Gate at Charing-cross by Good Queen Anne's special permission: "A strange, monstrous creature, brought from the Coast of Brazil, having a Head like a Child, Legs and Arms very wonderful, with a Long Tail like a Serpent, wherewith he Feeds himself, as an Elephant doth with his Trunk."

We can almost believe that Shakespeare was referring to his countrymen's love for monstrosities when he makes Trinculo say, when he finds Caliban, "A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

LITTLE MABEL, five years old, is not so young but that she has picked up some knowledge of the ways of the world. She said to her mother the other day, after a fit of deep musing—

"I say, mamma, who was papa before he married us?"

"Who was papa? Why, he was the same man that he is now."

"Yes; but what was he to you? Was he just a man that you mashed?"

Grains of Gold.

Sanctified self-respect is a tower of strength.

A lie a mile away looks a good deal like the truth.

Bad men are the most anxious to be well thought of.

Give a lie room enough and it will run itself to death.

Self-conceit has done as much to help the devil as whisky.

Statues are molded with little touches. Characters are formed in the same way.

The only reason why all men do not hate sin is because they can not see its form.

Higher criticism has not yet done a thing to make man more patient on washday.

No man can get very much of an education without going to school to his mistakes.

A creed is something that concerns a man's intellect; religion is a thing of the heart.

There isn't anything we know that somebody didn't have to burn his fingers to find out.

There is both joy and sadness in the wonderful truth that whatever we sow we shall reap.

It is hard to believe that a man who doesn't agree with us can be altogether right in his heart.

The devil gets many a good "boost" from the man who thinks that it is religious to wear a long face.

Sawing an inch from your yardstick may shrink the door of the heaven so small that you can't get through it.

There are so many people who think that other people's eyes need doctoring because they can't see straight themselves.

Femininities.

Woman's tongue is her weapon, her sword, which she never permits to rest or rust.

When a baby is very homely its ma may see some resemblance between it and her husband's folks.

Jake, sadly: "You are not as you used to be, darling." Cora, impatiently: "No, I used to be a baby."

In our large cities there is a distance of a hundred miles between the fashionable and unfashionable sides of a brick block.

To dread no eye and suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence,—an exemption granted only to invariable virtue.

The Duchess of Albany has gone to Germany on a long visit on account of a disagreement with the Queen over the question of mourning.

A couple of Wayne county, Ind., celebrated their golden wedding recently. Among the guests were three who attended the original wedding.

She: "I don't see why women should not make as good swimmers as men." He: "Yes; but, you see, a swimmer has to keep his mouth shut."

Sam: "Tell me candidly, do you think that I ought to marry the girl." John: "Marry her, by all means. You will not be fooled half so bad as she will be."

Ethel: "I hope the men aren't going to wear those horrid broad-brimmed straw hats again this summer." Maud: "Why?" "Because they muss one's bang up so!"

It is said that few ladies continue their piano playing long after marriage. But it is believed that this announcement is made in order to encourage young men to enter matrimony.

"It seems to me that that young Tony Knob in the drawing-room is a long time saying 'good night.' The cable cars have already stopped." "He can't go, pa. Sister's sitting on him."

"Indeed, it happened in less time than I take to tell it," said the lady, who was considered somewhat of a bore. "Oh, I haven't the least doubt of that," replied her patient and truthful listener.

A wife in Kansas became a mother and a mayor on the same day, and a wife in Kentucky took back to her family a week-old baby with her diploma from the medical college, where she graduated with honor.

The novelty of the production of an opera by a woman composer occurred at the Grand Theatre, Bordeaux, a short time ago. The opera is by Mme. de Grandval. It is named "Mazeppa," and is in four acts and six tableaux. The local critics speak in high praise of the music.

Miss Annie Young Wilson Spence, daughter of a doctor of Linlithgow, passed the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society in Edinburgh recently, and is now regularly registered as a chemist and druggist. She is the second woman in Scotland to attain this honor and position.

A young society girl says that if there is any one thing more necessary than another it is that all boys should be taught at school to wield a lady's fan to a lady's satisfaction. Not one male person in a hundred, she says, knows the first thing about fanning a lady as it ought to be done.

"What did ma say to you when you came in?" whispered young Bobby to Featherly, one of the guests. "Oh, simply that she was delighted to see me; that was all, Bobby." "I'm glad of it," said Bobby, and a look of genuine relief came over his face; "she said this morning she hoped you would not come."

Whenever vanity and gayety, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, expensive diversions, and elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgments of men and women, there is no knowing where they will stop, nor into what evils, natural, moral, or political, they will lead us.

A young man, presenting a young lady friend, to whom he had been paying marked attentions, with a card-plate and fifty cards on her birthday, airily remarked, not thinking that the young lady expected to change her name in the near future: "After you have used the cards you can have some more struck off. The plate ought to last you all your life!"

A married lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, and was therefore nearly always out when her husband returned home, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but suddenly returned, anxiously exclaiming: "My dear, where shall I find you when I come back?"

At the request of the Women's Temperance Union of New Brunswick, N. J., the City Attorney has been instructed to frame an ordinance to compel saloon-keepers to remove all blinds, screens, etc., from their windows on Sunday. Woman's wit has thus devised a novel and what promises to be an effective mode of securing observance of the Sunday law, not the least merit of which is its simplicity.

Masculinities.

Bluebeard's trade was evidently that of a belle hanger.

A man has rights that no one in his house respects after the first baby is born.

For 100,000 cigars an Elk county, Kansas, man recently traded off his farm.

Two men, aged 75 and 82 years, were arrested at Tarboro, N. C., recently, for stealing a hog.

One of the most successful negro farmers of Terrell, Ga., weighs 335 pounds. He wears a number 14 shoe and is about 65 years old.

In Corea the men indulge in stone fights, just like those with which the Philadelphia boys used to amuse themselves many years ago.

A letter addressed to George W. Eight-quarts was received at the Topeka, Kansas, postoffice the other day. It was delivered to George W. Peck.

He: "Are you happy now that you are married?" She: "Comparatively." He: "Compared with whom?" She: "Compared with my husband."

The one idea man, who has not reasoning power enough to see two sides of a subject, goes ahead and wins while the philosopher is thinking about it.

The young man who cast his eyes on a young lady coming out of church, has had them replaced by going to the altar with her, and now sees as well as ever.

There is some truth in the remark of the humorist to the effect that many men lose their health in getting wealth, and then lose their wealth in getting health.

Eri Gray, formerly of Roxbury, Mass., is probably the oldest New Yorker. He is now living, at the great age of 109 years, on the county poor farm at Delhi.

Anderson, Ind., young men have organized a society known as the "Brotherhood of United Matrimonial Seekers." The initials are very suggestive—B. U. M. S.

Visitor: "Seems to me your baby sleeps a good deal. He is never awake when I call." Happy father: "You call at the wrong time. His hours are from 1 to 5 A. M.

Young Smith, telling the news to his grandmother: "Green, the grocer, has busted." Grandma: "La me! who'd a thought it! He was one of the skinniest, boniest men I ever laid eyes on."

A writer says that the sense of humor very rarely exists in children under 12 years old. This writer evidently has never seen a 5-year-old child prying open the eyes of a 4-days' old kitten.

The 8-year-old son of a farmer near Jackson, Miss., is but 32 inches high, weighs 28 pounds and has gained only five pounds in the past five years. He has six brothers, who are big, strapping fellows.

Seventy-eight marriage licenses were granted in St. Louis in one day recently, and on the next day forty divorces were granted. This is trying to keep the balance somewhere near even with a vengeance.

Mrs. Lawnville: "Which would you rather do to-day—go to school or help me in the garden?" Little boy: "Go to school." "Would you! Why?" "'Cause teacher's sick and there ain't going to be any."

Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be, unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 A. M.

"Ah, Wadsleigh, do you happen to have $5 that you do not need?" "Indeed I haven't." Midgely thinks the question over and is uncertain. "Well, I say, Wadsleigh, do you happen to have $5 that I need very badly?"

At the trial of a horse thief in Phœnix, A. T., recently, the prisoner rose at the conclusion of the testimony and asked the judge to instruct the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats. He was accommodated.

A man was awakened in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his nightcap and muttered, as he went to sleep again: "That's too bad! How grieved I shall be in the morning!"

"No," said a citizen, when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers, "I don't think I will." "Can't afford it, eh?" "It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled my name wrong."

There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are more often injured by their own suspicions than they would be by the perfidy of others.

A corps of skaters is attached to the Norwegian army, the members being men selected for good physique and accurate marksmanship. These skaters can be manœuvred upon ice or over the mountain snow-fields with as great rapidity as the best trained cavalry, and as an instance of their speed one of the corps accomplished 120 miles in 18½ hours over mountainous country.

The Enemy's Daughter.

BY C. J.

CERTAINLY not. If you come I won't see you.—THOMAS DRIVER.

"Yes; that was the telegram I sent him, Mrs. Breynton. Glad I kept a copy to refresh my memory; one's apt to forget after three months or so. A very sensible message I call it—short, and to the point."

"I fear it must have distressed him very much," murmured the pretty widow.

"Distressed him? And what do you think my feelings were when the young scamp wrote to ask leave to marry John Collisson's daughter? I'll just read you his letter, my dear madam; then you can judge for yourself.—

"'——Club, London, S. W.,
"'August 1, 1881.

"'MY DEAR UNCLE TOM,—I write in great haste to tell you that I have met my fate at last, and shall be ready to settle down as soon as you like. She is the sweetest creature living—a daughter of that old Mr. Collisson whom you once knew. (I believe you quarrelled with him about some lawsuit; but that's no matter; you'll forget it all when you see her). I've no time to add more; but I've persuaded her to let me bring her to see you, with her mother; so we shall run down to Eastbourne early to-morrow. Till then, believe me,

"'Ever your affectionate nephew,
"'JACK.

"'P. S.—You'll be delighted with her, I know.'"

As Mr. Driver finished reading the letter he brought his fist down on the table with a bang—to the amazement of the other occupants of the boarding-house parlor, who wondered what the crusty old man could be saying to Mrs. Breynton, the only person in the house to whom he condescended to talk.

"There!" he ejaculated. "Do you wonder that I was indignant?"

"Certainly not," murmured the lady, concealing an inclination to laugh.

"No; it was only natural. Well, I sent him the telegram that I have just read to you, and then I wrote him a letter—a stinger, I can tell you! I forbade him to think of Miss Collisson, and told him that I was astonished at his perversity. Why, bless my soul! as if there were not hundreds of girls in the world! Why the mischief must he fall in love with the very one whom I never will consent to receive as my niece?"

"Mr. Collisson has only one daughter, then!" asked Mrs. Breynton.

"He may have had a dozen, ma'am, for all I care!" cried the old gentleman, fuming; "I know nothing about his family, except that I never mean to speak to one of 'em. It's like Jack's impertinence to ask me."

The young widow looked alarmed. She had boarded for three months in the same house as old Mr. Driver; the fates had even allotted her a seat next to him at table, and that circumstance had led to an acquaintance that bade fair to ripen into friendship. She had often amused him by accounts of her adventures with her late husband's regiment in India, or soothed his cantankerous humor by various gentle devices; but never had seen him in such a bad temper as on this November morning.

"Don't think about things that annoy you," she began kindly. "Here are the papers; won't you take a look at the news and forget all your troubles?"

"How can I? Jack won't let me forget them, confound him! Here's another letter from him—just as foolish as the one he wrote last August—saying that he can never care for another woman, and begging me to 'relent'—forsooth! What does he take me for? But I'll write to him; he shall have some home truths. Where's the inkstand?" growled the old gentleman "Hang it all—the quills aren't fit for a Christian's use. 'Relent,' indeed!"

Mrs. Breynton stood quietly by as he rummaged among his writing materials and tossed them hither and thither. Even while smiling at his childish petulance she pitied the lonely sour old man.

"There," she said, presently, laying a neatly mended pen beside him, and preparing to beat a retreat, "I'll leave you to write in peace. Don't be too hard on the poor young fellow."

Uncle Tom grunted an awkward "thank you!" as she turned away; then he took up his pen and set to work:—

"Eastbourne, Nov. 20th.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Be good enough to understand that I decline to hear Miss Collisson's name mentioned again. I shall not alter my decision, if you write letters till doomsday; but—"

Here he looked up, and caught sight of Mrs. Breynton's graceful figure sitting among the other ladies. Involuntarily he unbent his heavy eyebrows. An idea had occurred to him.

"Hang it!" said he, mentally. "That's the very woman to put Miss Collisson out of the young fool's head. 'Pon my word, if I were twenty years younger, I wouldn't let him have the chance!" (old Tom actually sighed). "However, as it is, she'll be the making of Jack. A capital idea. Here goes!"

Young Jack Prince was greatly astonished when his redoubtable relative's letter, begun so inauspiciously, concluded with a cordial invitation to him to spend a few weeks at Eastbourne.

"Wonder what the old tartar's up to now?" he exclaimed. Prudence urged him to accept, however, and he duly arrived at the boarding house.

Mr. Driver was fairly amiable, losing no time before introducing him to the widow, and then watching, with keen interest, for the result of the manœuvre.

"Well; what do you think of her?" he asked, at the first opportunity. "Isn't she a charming creature?"

"Very charming," coolly replied the young man; "but she's not Miss Collisson, sir."

"Confound you!" cried his uncle, losing patience; "you're the most pig-headed fellow living, Jack! If there's one thing in the world that I can't bear, it's obstinacy—as I've often told you. Once for all, let there be an end of this nonsense. I swear that no woman bearing the name of Collisson shall ever enter the family with my consent."

"But, Uncle Tom—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! I won't hear another word! Mention that woman's name again and I'll cut off your allowance—I will, by Jupiter!"

Jack Prince made no attempt to disobey his uncle's orders; he abstained from alluding to his unlucky love affair, and even gratified the old man by paying attention to the fair widow.

November passed; December was well advanced. The boarding house was almost empty, by reason of the approach of Christmas, when one day a lawyer called upon old Mr. Driver. The interview was a long one, and, at its conclusion, Jack was sent for by his uncle.

"Sit down, John," said the latter; "I've something to say, boy. Don't interrupt me till I've done with it. First of all, I'm pleased with your behavior lately. You have obeyed my wish about a certain matter, and—well, altogether you've been reasonable. Therefore, I've just made my will and constituted you my heir. I shall also increase the allowance I make you, so as to enable you to set up housekeeping. All this on condition that you marry the woman I've chosen for you."

Jack gasped.

"Upon my word, sir—"

"Don't speak yet. I mean Mrs. Breynton. She's a delightful creature—much too good for you, you scamp!—in fact, the only sensible female I ever came across. I want to provide that woman with a husband and a decent competence. Now, the only way to do that is to marry her to you; for, of course, I can't insult her by offering her money unless she enters my family. There! you're in possession of my views, and I hope you think yourself deuced lucky!"

The young man stared at his uncle in amazement.

"Mrs. Breynton ought to be much obliged to you," he remarked, "considering that she is only a stranger."

"Stranger, indeed! That's all you know about it. Hasn't she cut my papers, mended my pens, warmed my slippers, and told me all her little troubles for months past? Young as she is, she's never too busy to come and sit by the old man and cheer him up. That girl's been like a daughter to me, while you, my own nephew, have been vexing me by gallivanting about after my enemy's family. That's why I'd like to do something for her; but if you put it out of my power by refusing to marry her—why, I'll cut off every penny I've been giving you, and, when I die, I'll leave my money to the hospitals. Now, what's your answer?"

"I'm willing to marry her, sir—if you insist," Jack replied in a subdued manner.

"That's right. Glad you've come to your senses. You'd better speak to her to-day."

"Very well, Uncle Tom."

The old gentleman concealed his wonder at Jack's ready obedience, and was quite paternal to him at dinner, then, with a serene consciousness of victory, prepared to enjoy his usual nap in his private sitting room. His slumbers might have lasted half an hour, when he was awakened by a sound of distress—a feminine sob. He lay still and listened, dimly discerning in the firelight that the room contained only two persons—Mrs. Breynton and his nephew.

"Oh! Jack—Jack, what shall we do? Why didn't you tell me he was so rich? No wonder I never guessed it—the dear old thing is always so shabby!"

"But, my dear girl," whispered the lover, "you never told me that you were trying to win him over on your own account. I never was more astonished than when I came down and found you here."

"I daresay you were," sobbed Mrs. Breynton; "but I only wanted to get him to like me, so that I might not separate you from your only relative. Now, I can't take the dear old fellow's money under false pretences; yet, if I tell him the truth, he'll always believe that I made up to him for the sake of his wealth. No, no, Jack; there's no help for it—we must part."

"Hang it all!" grumbled Jack. "The whole muddle has grown out of his cross-grained prejudices."

"Don't," said the widow. "I won't let you abuse him. My father wronged him—I own it, Jack—and he has been very kind to me; in fact, I'm awfully fond of him, though he does growl sometimes. But now I shall never be able to face him again;" and she cried harder than ever, though in a very low key.

"So that's the game, is it?" said a gruff voice from the armchair.

Mrs. Breynton screamed; Jack looked the picture of guilt.

"You've been masquerading, have you, madam?" quoth Mr. Driver sternly. "Passing yourself off as a widow? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But I am a widow," faltered the little lady.

"Then why the deuce didn't you tell me that you wanted to marry a widow?" demanded the old gentleman, turning upon Jack.

"You wouldn't allow me to tell you anything, sir. Perhaps you may remember forbidding me to mention her?"

"Pshaw! So I did. Well, make her stop crying, can't you? I hate to hear a woman snivel. There- there; that's better," added Uncle Tom, patting her shoulder gently, while he frowned terribly at his nephew. "There's no help for you," he concluded. "I never break my word; and I swore that you should never marry this woman—you know I did."

"Not a bit of it, sir!" cried Jack briskly. "You said, 'No woman of the name of Collisson.' My darling parted with that name long ago."

"Why, bless me, you're right!" exclaimed the old man, who was longing for an excuse to give in without loss of dignity. "Come here, my—my dear. So you didn't want my money, and your father was in the wrong, and you're fond of me—eh? Well, well; you're a good girl. Here, Jack, take her out for a walk, and get a little color into her cheeks while I finish my nap. I hope this will be a warning to you," added he solemnly. "All this mischief has arisen through your obstinacy!"

Which was doubtful; but Jack was too happy to contradict him.

IN connection with an announcement of the birth of a child to the Countess of Dudley, an English paper recalls the following incident connected with the birth of its father, the present earl. An old friend of the family called at the town residence in Park Lane to learn the news "Is it a boy?" he asked the gorgeous flunky who opened the door. "No," quoth Jeames. "What, is it a girl?" "No, sir." The old friend became much interested. "Bless me, then, what is it?" The flunky proudly responded: "It's a heir."

"My husband is the dearest and most considerate man in the world." "How does he show it?" "He knows I hate tobacco smoke in the house, and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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IN CAPTIVITY.

A pair of canaries in captivity, in their second season's building—by which time they have perfected thoroughly the art, supposing they are supplied with a suitable box and materials for the purpose—commence first of all by filling the box with the rougher pieces of moss, after which the hen hops into the middle of it, and sitting down, begins to turn round and round; by this process the inside of the nest is formed. If they find it not full enough, more moss is brought, and the process repeated until it is to the satisfaction of the hen.

After this, the delicate part of lining the nest is commenced, the hen sitting in the nest while the cock supplies her with hair, which he first prepares in the following manner:

After picking up a small bunch of hair which he holds across the middle, he flies upon the perch and knocks it from side to side against the perch, to shake all loose pieces out; after which he holds the wisp or bunch of hair on the perch with his foot, at the same time drawing his beak up with a twisting motion.

This is repeated until it becomes somewhat woven together, and is then presented to the hen, which she carefully takes and places in the moss, one piece after another, until a smooth lining is the result.

At this point she allows her husband to enter the nest, which they keep doing in turns, with a great deal of excitement and soft twittering, continually turning round and round to finish it off in a workmanlike manner.

Canaries, when both are young, often make some very radical mistakes with their first nest, either by using far too much material or not enough. One pair we watched filled the box completely full; so they were supplied with more material, which they at once began piling up on the top of the box until it rose two and a half inches above the edge. In the middle of this they made the nest, not only using moss and hair, but every feather and odd bit they could find.

At the end of the season they built a second nest, which showed they had learned something by former experience, this nest being composed of sufficient material and no more, answering the purpose in every way, with about half the expenditure of labor used in their first attempt.

Again, it is very interesting to watch them under the condition of having unsuitable materials to build with, and under these conditions they point a moral to us by doing their best under the worst circumstances.

One pair which were caged together last year could never agree as to which box they should build in, having a choice of two. The hen decided on one, the cock on the other, so they both began building on their own account until all the material was used. Then the worst of the quarrel began.

While the hen was down feeding, the cock would go and fetch the moss out of her box to put in his own; and so vice versa, many desperate fights being the result. After three days of this unhappy state of married life, I removed one box, and gave them some fresh moss; after which they built a very nice nest, and reared a family of three, in perfect love and concord with each other.

DATE cards and almanacs are rather more cumbersome in China than here. According to the calculations of the Celestials, the present year ought to be numbered 7,910,341.

☞ WE WILL STILL SEND A COPY OF THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURE IN COLORS, ENTITLED "THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST," DESCRIBED IN PREVIOUS ISSUES, TO EVERY PERSON WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE. Address, "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," No. 726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon affect a cure.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

Emile Zola's greatest novel, perhaps, "The Downfall," has just been issued in a neatly printed volume by the Cassell Publishing Co., New York. Its plot is laid in the time of the Franco-Prussian war, and the whole work is intensely original, powerful and dramatic. For sale by Wanamaker & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"St. Nicholas" for July, like all its predecessors, is a perfect treasury of picture, story, song and puzzle for younger readers. The Century Co., New York.

As always, "Cassell's Family Magazine" for July comes fully freighted with a lot of fine special and miscellaneous articles. In addition to this, being among the best of the popular magazines, it is also the cheapest. The Cassell Co., New York.

All lovers of art will welcome the July issue of the "Magazine of Art." Besides a magnificently etched frontispiece it contains a large number of grandly illustrated articles on topics as interesting as they are ably treated. Cassell & Co., New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" is indispensible to any reader who wants to keep abreast of the latest developments and discoveries of all that is best comprehended under the name of science. The July number is specially rich in valuable features. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" is rapidly making way towards the head of the more popular magazines. The July issue is the perfection of all that is choice in miscellaneous magazine literature, embellished with numerous engravings, that have no superiors either side of the ocean. Published at New York.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.—For the World's Fair at Chicago is promised a miniature electric house which will illustrate the application of electricity to various economic uses. The apartments will be warmed by electric radiators, and ventilated and cooled by a system of electric fans.

The cooking for the family will be conducted upon an electric range in the kitchen at the top of the house, and the food lowered to the dining room upon an electrically-propelled dumb-waiter. The dishes will be washed by an electric dishwasher, on which a child can wash ten thousand pieces a day. The washing, ironing, the scrubbing of the floors and woodwork, the cleaning of the silver and knives, and even the washing of the windows, will be done by electricity.

The offal debris will be destroyed by an electric current. In the parlor will be a musical telegraph, with attachment for diffusing the music to an audience; a phonograph and cylinder containing celebrated songs by celebrated women, and celebrated speeches by celebrated men. There will be electric musical boxes and every known contrivance to add to the pleasure and comfort of the family.

VELVET LINING FOR MEDICINE.—Many people avoid taking medicine when they need it on account of the disagreeable taste. A medical man stated the other day that such an excuse for refusing treatment was nonsensical. A little extract of liquorice destroys the taste of aloes; peppermint water disguises the nauseous taste of salts; milk is a good abater of the bitter flavor of Peruvian bark, and cloves that of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another method, he said, of covering the nauseous taste of castor or cod-liver oil is to put a tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a wine-glass, pour the oil into the centre of the juice, and then squeeze a few drops of the juice upon the oil and upon the edge of the glass.

KOSSUTH AND HIS FOLLOWERS.—There is still a Kossuth party in the Hungarian Parliament, composed of white-haired old men. They are a band of irreconcilables. Regularly once a year, when the formal announcement is made in the House that the King will receive the Parliamentary Delegates at the palace next day, the leader of the Kossuth party rises and gravely asks whether the black and yellow flag will float over the palace, and, on receiving a reply in the affirmative, announces the intention of his colleagues not to attend. The Emperor is said to have the highest respect for these old men and would not interfere with them on any account. Kossuth takes great pride in fact that during his long life of ninety years he has always earned a living unaided. Assistance has been repeatedly offered him by the Italian Government and he might have had a pension, but he has rejected such offers with scorn.

ABOUT BISMARCK.—One of Bismarck's amusements is pistol practice, of which he is fond, and at which in his youth he was an expert. The range at Friedricharuh is across a small lake, perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and the Iron Chancellor's hand is still steady enough for him to hit a squirrel occasionally. A recent visitor to Friedricharuh says that the fallen minister, contrary to popular belief, is a man of great personal magnetism. He fascinates his guests, and when they depart it is as if they were under the spell of a magician. The prince's home life is delightful, and when his son, Count Herbert, and his daughter, the Countess Rantzau, are present, the family gathering is most genial.

SECURED HIS OWN ARREST.—The late Lord Lytton had a beautiful poodle, "Darling" by name, which disappeared one day not long after his master's death. About a week after he returned, so dirty and disreputable in looks that he was not recognized at first by the servant. But Lady Lytton declared the dog her pet, and his absence was soon explained. About his neck was a strange collar, engraved upon which were the name and address of a man who has long made a profession of dog stealing. The imprudent thief, who seems to have taken a fancy to the dog and to have intended to keep him himself, actually succeeded in securing his own arrest and conviction.

"You know how McCorkle shakes hands? He works your arm up and down like a pump handle?" "Yes." Well, I think I cured him of it yesterday." "Good; how did you do it?" "Told him it reminded me how dry I was. And he had to set up the drinks to a crowd of 20."

QUEEN VICTORIA has now reigned over the United Kingdom fifty-five years. This length of reign has been exceeded by that of two British monarchs—Henry III, who occupied the throne for fifty-six years, and George III, whose rule lasted nearly sixty years.

A novel electrical exhibit at the World's Fair will be a fac simile figure of Mme. Patti, to embody her smiles, gestures, and movements of the eyes. Concealed in the figure will be a phonograph with phonogram cylinders, which will reproduce the prima donna's voice.

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Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

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WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE

PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as SOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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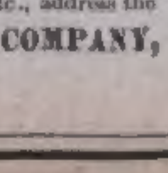

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That dwells in their depths. And I know all the while
That they fail to affect me—in fact, never can;
Because—well, because my typewriter's a man.

—E. L. S.

With Malice Aforethought.

R. A. Koon: "Did'n' yer guarantee dis yah watch fo' a yeah?"

Jeweler: "Yes, but not against accidents."

R. A. Koon: "Den you gib me a new one. I done busted bit obah Sam Johnsing's head, an dat wa'n't no accident, sah; I done hit a puphose."

The rule of three—For the third person to clear out.

A cook's query—Can a rough voice be made clear by straining it?

"Are you familiar with musical terms?" asked the manager's friend. "Yes," replied the manager; "last week's salary or I don't sing."

"These are hard times," said the young debt collector. "Every place I went to-day but one I was requested to call again, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl."

"I think," said Bertie Bird, "that Miss Pepperton is a typical gurl of the period, you know." "Why?" "Because she puts a full stop to all my pwoposals of marwiage."

Attorney: "Sneaky sort of man? What do you mean, sir?" Witness: "Well, sorr, he's the sort of man that'll never look ye straight in the face until your back's turned."

"Is Smithins a smart lawyer?" "Very. Man went to him with a case involving $150. Said he was willing to spend $1500 to get it back. Smithins made him out a bill right off for $1350."

Gus de Smith: "The young ladies of the present day are no good. They can't be relied on." Tom: "What makes you think so?" Gus: "I'm engaged to three young ladies, and they all flirt with other men."

"Tommy," said a fond father to his little boy, who had received a linen-mounted book of pictures as a present, "what are you crying for?" "Because I can't tear my picture-book, papa," was the ingenuous reply.

Husband: "That's a sweet-looking overcoat, isn't it? Why didn't you pack it in camphor?" Wife: "Well, my seal cloak and furs were packed in camphor, and the poor little moths had to have something to live on."

"So you are idle again!" said the pastor severely. "It seems to me that you get tired of a new employer very quickly." "Don't misrepresent me, sir," replied the parishioner mildly. "It can never be truthfully said that I get tired first."

"I'm going to give you an important part in my next play," said the manager to the supe with large hands. "Sir!" said the ambitious assistant. "A leading part?" "Exactly. I want you to sit out in the audience and start the applause."

Buxom widow, at evening party: "Do you know the language of flowers, Doctor Crusty?" Doctor Crusty, an old bachelor: "No, ma'am." Widow: "You don't know if yellow means jealousy?" Doctor: "No, ma'am; yellow means biliousness."

The farmer whose pigs were so lean that it took two of them to make a shadow, has been beaten by another, who had several so thin that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped that fun by tying knots in their tails.

City mamma: "Did you have a nice time in the park?" City boy: "Yes'm." "What did you do?" "Oh, lots of things; run on the walks and made faces at the plecceman, and dodged the horses, and fired stones at the keep off-the-grass signs, and everything."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Garden parties and attire for coaching and warm summer afternoons now call for an especial style of gowns, and here are some of the very prettiest shown this week.

One is a colored grenadine with an old rose ground having narrow black stripes. The skirt is made quite plain but very full in the back. The sleeves are snug fitting, and where the stripes meet on the outer arm have tiny bows of very narrow black velvet ribbon. The corsage is of cashmere, very light gray, and the lower part is braided in gold cord. The upper part is completely covered with ruffles made of pearl gray mousseline de soie. At the back of the neck is tied a narrow black velvet ribbon in long loops and ends.

The style of a dress is particularly pretty for slight, youthful figures, and can be made in any light material, being of such simple design. It would be very delicate and girlish made of white or pearl gray veiling, and a soft ruffle around the bottom would be an improvement. The hat and parasol should match in lightness, and the whole effect would be that supposed to belong to the often vaunted "summer girl."

The delicate crepons and sateens, as well as organdie lawns, would make up daintily in this design.

I was at a garden party yesterday where I was the only person not in a thin, light gown, and perhaps that is why I appreciated those I saw so well. The first, which is represented on the right hand was of cream organdie with violets printed sparsely over the surface. Around the bottom was several rows of violet ribbon, very narrow and with rosettes at intervals. The skirt was slightly draped at the hips, and the violet ribbon belt fell to the ground in two long loops and two long ends, the loops falling backward and the ends forward.

The corsage had two rows of double shirring and an opening bordered by two rows of violet silk buttons. The upper sleeves were puffed and the lower with bracelet bands of ribbon and rosettes. The straw hat was in Directoire shape, trimmed with red feathers and narrow velvet. To my taste it should have been more in keeping with the colors of the dress, but the wearer looked pretty, and what more do you want.

PRETTY GOWNS FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

The other dainty gown was of salmon pink cashmere, the first breadth being slightly at the waist under the belt, and with two plaits at the sides. The back was laid in deep plaits, a puffing of cream colored crepe was laid at the foot and around it twisted narrow moss green velvet. The yoke was of white lace crossed by green velvet, which ends in rosettes on each side. The sleeves are particularly pretty. The large straw hat has pale pink bows and green and pink shaded plumes. A parasol of pink silk covered with oriental lace ruffles completes an exquisite costume.

The design of this dress is one that could be followed in the pretty zephyr ginghams, challie or chambray, or indeed any of the pretty summer cottons, and if neatly made it would look as well as the original. If of wash goods it should have a narrow ruffle or two instead of the puff. White should make up well in this design.

For wear with these dresses Oxford ties in gray or tan soude are very much liked, but they grow shabby so soon that they are not economical at all. The cloth ties and the black pebble kid are preferable, but if a girl is careful not to walk on the sand or in the wet grass with them the suede shoes will last a season. The best cost as high as $5, while the best Oxford or Newport ties will last two seasons of hard wear and cost $2 50 to $3 and look just as pretty, though perhaps not quite as dressy.

For outing dresses, such as mountain climbing and bicycling, the most useful and least apt to show signs of soil is a short plain skirt of storm serge, cheviot or tweed in dark gray or heather mixture. Blue is prettier, but shows every little spot so quickly. Some young ladies wear caps with visors and some prefer neat sailor hats. The choice for looks is the hat; for comfort, the cap.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT MISCELLANEOUS COOKERY.

One often has remains of meat or poultry in the house which are, perhaps, too insignificant to send up for the late dinner; but they can be treated in the same way as the fish.

To make Meat Croquettes, you proceed in exactly the same way, only substituting stock for the milk, and adding some powdered sweet herbs and a little chopped parsley. If preferred, instead of making the mince into balls, it can be served surrounded by a wall of mashed potatoes, or with poached eggs.

Vegetables which, in the ordinary course of events, would be served with the meat, can be served separately dressed as a second vegetable in various manners. It is a great pity that this custom is not more practised at native tables. Frenchmen look upon the vegetable at the end of the dinner in the same way as children look upon their pudding, and no dinner is considered complete without it.

To my mind Tomatoes are a vegetable which should always be eaten alone, and if tinned vegetables are approved of, I should advise all housekeepers to keep a small supply of them in her store cupboard. They are excellent stuffed in the following way:—Cut the tomatoes in halves and put the pips and some of the pulps into a saucepan with a little butter, and let it boil. Then put into a basin two ounces of breadcrumbs, the lean part of a rasher of bacon chopped up finely; a little chopped parsley, the tiniest bit of shalot, some pepper and salt if necessary. Strain the tomato pulp, etc., into this mixture; stir it all well together and stuff the tomatoes with it; put a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and bake them in the oven for about twenty minutes on a tin previously buttered and rubbed with a shalot.

Tomatoes can also be eaten raw as a salad. They only require to be cut in slices, the pips removed, and laid in a dish, previously rubbed with a shalot, with three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of tarragon vinegar, a little pepper and salt, and some chopped onions or chives.

Anchovies and Sardines should always be near at hand, as they come in very useful both for hors d'œuvres and savories. The sardines may be served on fried croutons of bread, either plain or else pounded with butter; but I like to see them handed round in the tin just as they are before the soup, with slices of bread and butter, which should be brown if possible.

Anchovies are filleted and served very hot on fried croutons, previously spread with anchovy butter. They will serve as examples, and although they are only trifles, they help to lengthen the dinner, which is the great thing.

With the sweets there is a little more scope, on account of their coming at the end of the dinner. The fritter suggests itself to me as one of the things most quickly made.

There are several kinds. First of all Beignets Soufflés, which are made as follows:—Put half a pint of water, one ounce of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter in a saucepan; let it boil, then take it off the fire and add gradually half a pound of sifted flour; well work with a wooden spoon; put it back on the fire again, and stir till the mixture is quite dry and stiff; then take it off the fire again, let stand for a few minutes, add any flavoring desired, and add, one by one, two eggs, or three if the paste is too stiff. When it is quite smooth prepare some boiling lard, and drop in the mixture in pieces the size of a walnut, and fry a light golden color. Make an incision in each beignet and insert a small quantity of jam; pile them on a dish and sprinkle them with sugar.

KNOW not what you know, and see not what you see.

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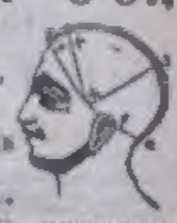
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 SANSOM STREET,
Lock Box. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia,
Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '90. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET,

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,
37 Great Jones St., N. Y.